

THE REPUBLICAN.

Established 1866

BELLEFONTE, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1913.

Vol 44 No. 47

REMONSTRANCE COVER NEARLY WHO COUNTY

Snow Shoe Boro, Snow Shoe Twp. and Rush Twp. Alone Escape.

HOTELS UNDER FIRE

Selling to Persons of Alleged Intemperate Habits Charged Against Brokerhoff House, Bush House, Garman House and Haag Hotel.

General and specific remonstrances against every one of the five licensed places in Bellefonte were filed with the court Monday evening. Specific charges against four hotels were also filed. These charges that on specified dates intoxicating liquors were sold to persons of alleged intemperate habits, whose names are set forth in the petition.

The general and specific remonstrances declare that the licenses should not be granted on the ground that the sale of intoxicating liquors is unnecessary. These several petitions are signed by both men and women. The specific charges of selling liquors to persons of alleged intemperate habits are in each instance signed by eight persons.

The allegation of violation of the law in the case of the Brokerhoff House charges that such violation occurred on November 15th, last. In the charge against the Bush House, October 25th is given as the date of said violation. October 25th is also given as the date of an alleged violation at the Haag Hotel, and October 18th the date for an alleged violation at the Garman House.

No specific charge of selling liquors to persons of alleged intemperate habits was filed against the Brant House.

The several remonstrances applying to Bellefonte contain the names of 758 men and women. In a number of instances several petitions are signed by the same persons, but taking the petitions as a whole there are 758 individual signers. The remonstrants are Harry F. Moore, of Washington, D. C., counsel for this and similar movements in other parts of the State; assisted by James C. Furst, of Bellefonte.

A general remonstrance applying to the entire county was filed. Separate remonstrances were also filed on Tuesday applying to the hotel at Howard.

About the only districts from which remonstrances may not be filed are Snow Shoe borough, Snow Shoe township and Rush township. No protest has been recorded against license applications of the following: Lawrence Redding, James F. Uzzle, Snow Shoe borough; J. B. Deagan, Sandy Ridge; George W. Ricketts, Cassanova, and John M. Kachik, Clarence, all retailers, and Lawrence Nugent, Cassanova, and John Boyce, Clarence, wholesalers.

A general remonstrance against every liquor license in Philipsburg was the first filed during the week, a remonstrance against the license at Milesburg having been placed on record last week.

Remonstrances will, however, be filed from virtually every other section. For the most part these will be from districts which have licensed hotels. One exception is a general petition from State College, signed, it was stated, by twelve hundred persons. Remonstrances are to cover, in addition to Bellefonte, Milesburg, Philipsburg, and the Howard Hotel, every licensed place in Penna valley. The latter include the Centre Hall Hotel, the Old Fort, that at Spring Mills and also those at Rebersburg, Pottery Mills, Millheim and Coburn.

In each instance the basis for remonstrance was that a licensed hotel at the place in question was not a public necessity.

The Philipsburg remonstrance embodied a somewhat broader view in the appeal to Judge Orvis to refuse all licenses for that borough. The remonstrance set forth these declarations:

"The patronage of the traveling public is so small that if the sale of intoxicating or alcoholic liquors were confined to the traveling public it is so small that there would not now hereafter be a licensed house in the said borough."

"Because the traveling public can be accommodated by the hotels without a license to sell intoxicating liquors, as is made manifest by the accommodations of the traveling public in Lewistown, Shippensburg, Greencastle and other places in the State."

Licensed hotels, the petition declares, are "detrimental to the good morals, good order and are the direct ruin of many who would, but for these places, lead sober lives and be good citizens."

The filing of the remonstrances here and elsewhere in the county will not end the proceedings in court. There will be

BRIDGE COST TANGLE NEARING ADJUSTMENT

Borough to Pay \$2,000 Toward Spring Creek Structure.

COUNTY'S SHARE \$6,750

Conference Between Committee of Council and County Commissioners Results in New Plan to Settle Long-Standing Dispute.

The long-standing dispute between Bellefonte borough and Centre County over their respective share of the cost of building the new Spring Creek bridge, nearby the Bush House, seems to be nearing an adjustment. The matter has been hanging fire for two years or more. The bridge cost \$8750. The borough took the stand that its share of the expense was but \$1500, thus making the county's share \$7250. The basis of adjustment now under consideration, and which is likely to be ratified by both the borough Council and the County Commissioners, provides that the borough shall pay \$2000 and the county \$6750; in other words, about 20% and 80%, respectively.

Some months ago the County Commissioners sent a communication to Council calling attention to the difference of opinion between the two bodies as to the division of the cost of the bridge. Council adhered to its position that the borough's share was not in excess of \$1500. For the county it was contended that the borough's share was one-third, or approximately \$2916. This the borough denied, and there the matter hung fire.

At the last meeting of the borough Council President Keller read a communication from the County Commissioners suggesting a conference to dispose of the matter along amicable lines, if such might be possible. Mr. Keller pointed out to Council, some members of which were not in the old body that first considered the matter, that a conference would be advisable. He also strongly urged an amicable adjustment, saying that the attitude of the County Commissioners had been both generous and fair. He appointed the Finance Committee of Council as a committee to call on the County Commissioners. A conference was held several days ago. It quickly developed that so much misunderstanding existed as to original agreements that the most sensible plan would be to make an adjustment on what seemed to be an equitable basis.

It was finally proposed that the borough pay \$2,000 and the county the balance, and with the matter in this shape the conference was adjourned. The committee from Council will report back to that body at the next regular meeting and probably will recommend that the proposition be accepted.

Shop Early.

Holiday shoppers in the smaller towns will find that shopping early is attended with the same advantages as is the case in the cities. Early shopping means the best variety and selection at the store, the best of service and the greatest satisfaction to both patron and merchant. During the rush season the merchant is taxed to his utmost. His efforts to please can be helped greatly by patrons doing their shopping just a little earlier than usual. There is another feature to the matter most of us are apt to overlook. The army of clerks in the stores are necessarily subjected to the severest strain, physically and mentally, during the holiday rush. They have the interests and welfare of both employer and patron at heart. Early shopping means to the clerks a more even distribution of labor during working hours. If there were no other reason, early shopping would be advisable because purchasers are thereby afforded ample opportunity to examine goods and return or exchange if necessary.

Public hearings before Judge Orvis, beginning December 13th. In the cases of the Bellefonte hotels against which specific charges of violations have been filed, testimony will be taken, following the summoning of witnesses, to substantiate the charges set forth. The remonstrants having named certain persons of alleged known intemperate habits to whom liquor has been sold will be compelled to produce witnesses in court to testify that they consider such persons to bear reputations for being intemperate. The several hotel proprietors whose licenses are under fire will produce witnesses to show that they have conducted clean, orderly places and that they have not knowingly violated the law. It will probably be well on in the new year before Judge Orvis hands down any decisions on the licenses against which remonstrances have been filed.

A Thanksgiving Day Prayer.

By Rev. John Hewitt, of St. John's Protestant Episcopal Church.

ALL FATHER, Life Upholder, Kind Benefactor, God of Love, Who hast made all men, hast them in families, tribes and countries, according to thy purpose in their creation, and dost own them all as thy children,—we bring our thanks to thee today for this fair land in which our lot is cast; for the wealth of its mountains and mines; for the riches of its valleys and the refreshment of its rivers; for the freedom that floats in its expansive air.

We bring our thanks for thy continual care and watchful providence over us through the whole course of life—from Jamestown and Plymouth Rock, through Independence Day and Appomattox to the Gettysburg Rennon, and particularly for the mercies and benefits of the past year in the return of seed-time and harvest and the gathering in of the fruits thereof, beseeching thee to continue thy loving-kindness to us that our land may still yield her increase to thy glory and our comfort.

To these our thanks for blessings that come through sunshine, rain and soil we add our thanks for those that come through social service—through a government founded on faith in God and fellow men; through schools of good learning, institutions of religion, and homes of "temperance, soberness and chastity" which denominate industrial endeavors.

We bring our thanks as a nation for peace at home and good will abroad; for the privilege of leading in the process of uplift among weaker nations; for the progress made toward causing wars to cease; for the revelations of Science in earth and air and sky whereby the knowledge of God shall cover the earth, bring men face to face with Him and heart to heart with one another; for all the means whereby thy power has been displayed in righting wrongs, in thwarting the designs of oppression, lust and crime, to the casting down of corporate greed and the lifting up of common good.

To these our thanks we add our intercessions:—For the spirit of governance and of a sound mind to all in places of authority; for the protection of sober and honest industry; for mutual forbearance, fairness, and good will among employers and employees; for all who by reason of weakness are overtasked, or by reason of poverty are forgotten; for all strangers, immigrants, outcasts and prisoners,—that all of whatever race or condition may find and worthily share with us the loving kindness of our God, under the sign of a flag that stands for liberty, justice and equality. Amen.

HIS TERM EXTENDED

Judge Orvis Gets Additional Year by Passage of Amendment No. 3.

To the surprise of all who had been officially computing the returns of the November 4th election, Amendment No. 3 to the Constitution was adopted by a narrow margin, instead of defeated as the first return indicated. The Amendment extends for one year judges whose terms expire in even numbered years.

The adoption of the Amendment extends the term of Judge Orvis, in Centre County, from January 1, 1915, to January 1, 1916. His successor will be elected in November, 1915. Had the Amendment failed to pass, it would have become necessary for Governor Tener to appoint a Judge for this county for one year. The Amendment was defeated in the State outside Philadelphia by a large majority but was saved by the vote in its favor in that city.

The only additional Amendment to pass was No. 5, which increases the borrowing capacity of all cities, except Philadelphia, from 7 to 10 percent. The road loan was defeated by a vote of 259,042 to 300,435. The Amendment authorizing the State to regulate the hours of labor on public contract work was defeated by 16,000. Amendment No. 4, providing a graduated tax system, failed by less than 200.

Playing Pittsburgh Today.

Penn State's football eleven closes the season today with the annual Thanksgiving Day game with the University of Pittsburgh. Penn State has had a disastrous season, and all hopes are centered on winning today from Pitt. Impartial observers believe that the result is a toss-up, if anything the chances being slightly in favor of Penn State. Today marks the last game with Penn State for Captain Miller and three other stars, so that next year's team is likely to be made up of a number of green men, just as has been the case this season.

Valley Trains Unchanged.

While a general change in schedules on the Pennsylvania Railroad goes into effect on Sunday, November 30th, it is announced that there will be no changes in regard to trains on the Bald Eagle Valley, also that present connections at Tyrone and Lock Haven remain unchanged.

Laying Off Men.

The Pennsylvania Railroad Company has recently laid off quite a number of men at various places. At Harrisburg a few days ago 100 men were dropped because of a let-up in business. This week a number at Tyrone were laid off, including some members of the railroad band.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank C. Smith has issued the following marriage licenses: Christ G. Muscha, Cassanova; Mary Susek, "Howard L. Leitch, Regina A. Vonada, "

FRANK B. STOVER DEAD

Former Bellefonte Resident Passed Away at Altoona on Tuesday.

Frank B. Stover, for many years a resident and well known business man of Bellefonte, died on Tuesday, last, at his late home at Altoona.

Funeral services will be held at Altoona Friday afternoon, and interment made in the cemetery. Mr. Stover was about 57 years at the time of his death. He was born at Rock Springs and was the son of Samuel H. Stover, who conducted the old Rock Springs Hotel. He later removed to Bellefonte and conducted a meat market near the diamond. Probably eight years ago he removed to Altoona, making that place his home to the time of his death.

Surviving Mr. Stover are his widow and two sons and two daughters: Samuel, at home; Alvin, of Juniata; Miss Lulu, at home; H. E. Mrs. Stover, of Hagerstown, Md. Four sisters also survive. They are Mrs. Matilda Mosser, of Altoona; Mrs. Joseph Kaup, of Boalsburg; Mrs. Ellen Gingrich, of Linden Hall, and Mrs. Jacob J. Garbrick, of Bellefonte.

Wedded at Snow Shoe.

A very pretty wedding took place at the Methodist Episcopal parsonage at Snow Shoe on Monday, Nov. 17th, the contracting parties being Miss Verina H. Price, of Snow Shoe, and Mr. John Daugherty, of Winslow, Arizona. The bride was attended by Miss Mae Boyce, of Clarence, while Mr. C. Hall, of Osceola, acted as best man.

Mr. Daugherty was the obnoxious clerk in Budingers store at Clarence, for some time. Mr. and Mrs. Daugherty will be home, at Winslow, Arizona, after Feb. 15, 1914.

Grange Quarterly Meeting.

Centre County Pomona Grange 13 will hold the fourth Quarterly Meeting of this year Tuesday Dec. 2, two sessions 10 A. M. and 1 P. M., in Grange Arcadia Center Hall. It is urged there be a full attendance. All fourth degree members are invited. The election of officers for the next two years will take place at this meeting. At noon lunch will be served after that a short time will be given to social intercourse.

Fraternally,
D. M. CAMPBELL, Secretary.

Next Primaries, April 1914.

The next primary election in Pennsylvania will be held in April, 1914. Offices to be filled include United States Senator, Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Secretary of Internal Affairs, members of Congress from each district and four members-at-large, twenty-five State Senators and all members of the House in the Legislature.

Helped to Raise Church Debt.

Rev. George M. Glenn, of Philipsburg, and particularly well known here, recently filled his old pulpit in Sunbury where he aided in raising a balance of \$800 on a new \$10,000 church parsonage. He had the satisfaction of aiding in raising not only the needed \$800 but about \$200 in addition.

BUSY SCHEDULE FOR FARMERS' INSTITUTES

At Pine Grove Mills, Rebersburg and Jacksonville.

HAVE 2-DAY SESSIONS

Lectures on Timely Topics by Prominent Speakers Arranged for Each Gathering for Farmers and Their Wives and Children.

Farmers Institutes for Centre County have been arranged for Pine Grove Mills, Monday and Tuesday, December 29 and 30; Rebersburg, Wednesday and Thursday, December 31 and January 1, and Jacksonville, Friday and Saturday, January 2 and 3. State speakers will be present at the Institutes, including Prof. Franklin Menges, of York; Prof. R. H. Bell, of State College, and H. M. Gooderham, of Fattom. The Local Chairmen are W. H. Ery, Pine Grove Mills; Henry Meyer, Sr., Rebersburg, and J. W. Orr, Nittany. The Institutes have been arranged by the Board of County Managers, consisting of John A. Woodward, of Howard, chairman; W. F. Reynolds, of Bellefonte, and County Commissioner Daniel A. Grove, of Lemont. The program for the several dates follows:

PINE GROVE MILLS.

Monday, 1.30 P. M.—Invocation, Rev. J. C. Chambers; address of welcome, Rev. L. S. Spangler; "Spraying Materials Preparation and Use," Prof. R. H. Bell; "Insect Life," Prof. Franklin Menges. Tuesday, 7.30 P. M.—Query box: "Agriculture and Our Rural Schools," H. M. Gooderham; "Industrial Alcohol in Agriculture," Prof. Menges.

Tuesday, 9.30 A. M.—Query box: "The Home Orchard," Prof. Bell; "Benefits of Corn Breeding," Prof. Menges. Tuesday, 1.30 P. M.—Query box: "Controlling Insects and Diseases of the Apple," Prof. Bell; "Domestic Chemistry in the Country School," Prof. Menges. Tuesday, 7.30 P. M.—Query box: "The Boys and the Girls," Mr. Gooderham; "Necessity of Education for the Farmer," Prof. Menges.

Local Committee—W. H. Ery, chairman; W. H. Goss, John W. Way, Dr. R. M. Krebs, J. A. Decker, C. E. Mosser. REBERSBURG

Wednesday, 9.30 A. M.—Address of welcome, Rev. G. A. Stauffer; "Dairying," W. E. Bair; "Methods of Raising Hay," Prof. Menges. Wednesday, 1.30 P. M.—Query box: "The Home Orchard," Prof. Bell; "Maintenance of Soil Fertility and Soil Moisture," Prof. Menges; "Barn Manures; their Waste and Treatment," Mr. Gooderham. Wednesday, 7.30 P. M.—Query box: "Domestic Chemistry in the Country School," Prof. Menges; "Agriculture and Our Rural Schools," Mr. Gooderham.

Thursday, 9.30 A. M.—Query box: "Spraying Materials; their Preparation and Use," Prof. Bell; "Economy in Crop Production," Prof. Menges.

Thursday, 1.30 P. M.—Query box: "Adding Value to Our Farms by Improving Our Stock," Mr. Gooderham; "Controlling Insects and Diseases of the Apple," Prof. Bell; "Wheat Raising to Increase Yields," Prof. Menges. Thursday, 7.30 P. M.—Query box: "The Boys and the Girls," Mr. Gooderham; "Necessity of Education for the Farmer," Prof. Menges.

Local Committee—Henry Meyer, Sr., chairman; W. J. Kreider, Mrs. V. I. Walker, George E. Wise, O. S. Stover.

JACKSONVILLE.

Friday, 1.30 P. M.—"Controlling Insects and Diseases of the Peach," Prof. Bell; "Barn Manures; their Waste and Treatment," Mr. Gooderham; "Maintenance of Soil Fertility and Moisture," Prof. Menges.

Friday, 7.30 P. M.—Query box: "Butter Making on the Farm," Mr. Gooderham; "Insect Life in Agriculture," Prof. Menges.

Saturday, 9.30 A. M.—Query box: "Economy in Crop Production," Prof. Menges; "Controlling Insects and Diseases of the Apple," Prof. Bell; "Adding Value to our Farms by Improving our Stock," Mr. Gooderham.

Saturday, 1.30 P. M.—Query box: "Spraying Materials; their Preparation and Use," Prof. Bell; "Benefits of Corn Breeding," Prof. Menges; "Growing Alfalfa," Mr. Gooderham.

Saturday, 7.30 P. M.—Query box: "The Boys and the Girls," Mr. Gooderham; "Necessity of Education for the Farmer," Prof. Menges.

Local Committee—J. W. Orr, chairman; N. H. Yearick, G. M. Harter.

Read "The Republican" \$1 a year in advance.

THEFT OF ELK TEETH MAY LEAD TO ARRESTS

Game Wardens Instructed to Locate Guilty Parties.

TO SERVE AS WARNING

While Elk, Shot by Party of Hunters, was being Shipped from Orviston to Lock Haven Hospital Somebody Extracted Its Teeth.

State game wardens in the central section of Pennsylvania have been instructed to run down and arrest some unknown person or persons who extracted the teeth of the big elk which was shot by a party of hunters nearby Orviston one day last week. Thus far they have been unable to unravel the mystery. It is to establish a principle that will serve as a warning in the future that unusual efforts are being made to ferret out the offending parties in the first violation of the kind reported since the State Forestry Department some months ago imported a number of elk and placed them in State game preserves.

The big elk killed by a party of hunters who subsequently put up a fine of \$200, was shipped on a passenger train from Orviston to Lock Haven and from the station at the latter place to the Lock Haven hospital. So far as the game wardens are able to learn the teeth of the elk were present when the carcass was shipped from Orviston. When the elk was received at the hospital the teeth were missing.

Who stole them? That is the mystery that has the State game wardens completely baffled, but they are determined to clear up the matter if detective work can do it. Elk teeth grow on the lower jaw, only, and are regarded as very valuable by some persons. It is not the commercial value of the teeth that has spurred the State authorities to action in the present case so much as the determination to throw every safeguard possible around the elk now at-large in the mountains in the State and which were brought here for breeding purposes. If the guilty parties are apprehended the State officials will ask the courts to inflict the severest penalty possible.

No New Bridge.

The Philipsburg "Journal", of Saturday, last, published the following: William H. Noll, representing the Centre County Commissioners, and Sir Richards, of the Clearfield county board, were here yesterday inspecting the Presque Isle street bridge crossing the Mohannon and after a careful investigation concluded to ask the court for an order to thoroughly repair the structure. It was their judgment that this was not the time to build a new bridge. The growth of Philipsburg and the extension of the trolley line might later on require a different kind of a bridge than would likely be built now if such a step had been thought wise. Messrs. Noll and Richards have every reason to believe that the present structure can be put in first-class condition at an expenditure of not more than \$2000, and will ask the court for orders so that the work of repairs can be taken up without delay.

Billy Sunday Sins Mothers.

Rev. "Billy" Sunday, several days ago, during his big revival meetings at Johnstown, addressed a "Mother's Meeting" which was attended upward of 9000 women. Mr. Sunday aroused his great audience when he said: "I want to tell you women that looking away your time hugging and kissing a puddle dog, caressing a spitz, drinking a society bran mash and a cocktail and playing cards is mighty small business compared to molding the life of a child. "The Catholic church is the only church that has ever shown us the sensible way to reach the masses—by getting hold of the children.

"What's the use of trying to keep the children from becoming cigarette fiends when their father smokes a pipe or a cigar, or to keep them from chewing tobacco when your husband sits around and chews and you are asked to clean the old spittoon?"

Violin Concert.

A rare treat for lovers of music is in store at Port Matilda. Gumar Eckman, the celebrated Swedish violinist, will play at a concert to be held on December 17th in the Port Matilda Methodist Episcopal church. The concert is being arranged by one of the Sunday school classes and the proceeds will be devoted to a fund for a new church. With such splendid talent engaged, and the object such a worthy one, the efforts of those having the concert in hand should be rewarded by a crowded house.

TEMPLETON PARDONED

Former Tyrone Senator Released From Western Penitentiary.

Chambers O. Templeton, former State Senator and prominent resident of Tyrone, was last week granted a pardon so that he might leave the Western Penitentiary and make a new start in life in some other state. Templeton's crime was embezzlement.

A. A. Stevens and ex-Congressman Josiah D. Hicks pleaded for complete pardon for Templeton, who had served one term as senator and had been nominated for a second when it was found his clients had lost at least \$100,000 by the forging of their names to notes. He was convicted and January 4, 1911, was sentenced to three to twelve years in the western penitentiary. Under the parole act he could be paroled next January 4, but then for nine years he would have to remain in Pennsylvania, and make monthly reports to the penitentiary authorities.

Templeton, however, desires to go to Michigan to begin life anew and for this reason his lawyers asked for an unconditional pardon so that he could retain his citizenship. He has an offer from a life insurance company that will pay him about \$5,000 a year.

After his conviction Templeton sold his property and realized about \$8,000, which he paid to the persons he had defrauded. He has expressed the hope that he can pay back every cent.

Letters from Judge Orsady, who said Templeton had "yielded to a crazy ambition to make money" and from many others were read asking that the board pardon him.

To Beautify the Town.

The Woman's Club, with a view to maintaining the beauty and neatness of the town in every possible way, desires to call the attention of the citizens of Bellefonte to the Act of the General Assembly No. 358, approved June 25, 1913, said Act being an amendment to section two of Act No. 24, approved March 10, 1903. Will not every citizen help to make his town as attractive as possible?

The Act reads as follows:

"That no person shall paste, paint, brand, stamp, or in any manner whatsoever place upon, or attach to, any building, fence, bridge, gate, outbuilding, or property of another, whether within or without the limits of a highway, any written, printed, painted, or other advertisement, bill, notice, sign, card, or poster, without first having obtained the written consent of the owner, or tenant lawfully in possession or occupancy thereof; Provided, that nothing herein shall be so construed as to prevent the posting of any notice required by order of court."

The section stating the penalty of violation of this law reads:

"Every person violating the provisions of this act shall be liable to a penalty of not less than five dollars nor more than twenty dollars, to be recovered before any magistrate or justice of the peace, as fines and penalties are by law recoverable; and such written, printed, painted, or other advertisement, bill, notice, sign, or poster is hereby declared to be a public nuisance, and may be removed and abated as such."

Catharine Stewart Dead.

Miss Catharine Walker Stewart, one of the oldest and most highly respected residents of Spruce Creek valley, died at her home at Colerain Forge, at two o'clock last Friday morning from disease incident to old age. She was a daughter of the late David and Sarah Walker Stewart, early pioneers of the valley. She was born at Pennsylvania Furnace, Nov. 23, 1827. Quite a number of years ago the family moved to Colerain Forge where Miss Stewart resided until her death. She was a most excellent lady in every way. Her entire life was thoroughly consecrated to her Master whom she claimed was a great honor to serve. She was a devoted member of the Spruce Creek Presbyterian church and when in health found much pleasure in doing her share of the Master's work. She is survived by one brother, David Stewart, of Dayton, Ohio.

Funeral services were held at the home at Colerain Forge on Monday morning at 10 o'clock, conducted by Rev. R. M. Campbell, of Pennsylvania Furnace. Interment was made at Alexandria.

This Will Interest Mothers.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children relieve Feverishness, Headache, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the bowels and destroy worms. They break up Colds in 24 hours. Used by mothers for 24 years. All Druggists, 25c. Sample free. Address, A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y. Adv. 4t.

"Generally debilitated for years. Had sick headaches, lacked ambition, was worn-out and all run-down. Burdock Blood Bitters made me a well woman." —Mrs. Chas. Freitoy, Moosup, Conn.

Read "The Republican" \$1 a year in advance.

WE WANT YOU

Read \$100,000 weekly selling campaign. Thousands of dollars in prizes. Free to all. Write to Waverly Oil Works Co., 1000 W. 10th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

TESTING TWO LAWS

Automobile and Hunter's License Measures before Supreme Court.

A suit to determine the constitutionality of the act appropriating all revenue from automobile licenses to the state highway department for road improvement will also decide whether the income from hunters' licenses can also be applied to payment of bounties on scalps of wildcats, foxes and noxious animals and birds and for propagation of game. The principle involved in the two actions is declared to be the same by the auditor general's department and no payments from the money rolling in from hunters' license will be made until the automobile action is determined.

The argument in the suit over the right of the legislature to appropriate all income from automobile licenses, which exceed \$80,000 this year, to the highway department and mentioning a specific amount on hand, is to be held after January 1 when an amended suit will be filed. The original suit claimed money paid after July 6, when the license act was approved, but it is contended by the auditor general's department attorneys that only revenue paid after January 1 can be discussed. They assert that the act becomes effective at that time but deny the right of the legislature to appropriate the money as it did, contending that it is in violation of the specific appropriation act.

The hunters' license act, which it is expected will yield over a quarter of a million dollars, divided the income between the game commission for propagation of game and reimbursement of counties for payment of bounties on scalps. The auditor general will hold up these payments until he gets a decision in the first case.

"PIGS IS PIGS"

But Not All are Scheduled Alike When it Comes to Matter of Size.

"Pigs is pigs" as Ellis Parker Butler set forth, thereby increasing the value of his literary wares, but there are pigs and pigs. Warden Hosp of the Essex county penitentiary at Caldwell, N. J., has the document to prove it.

A drove of pigs is one of the assets of the penitentiary. A "trusty" prisoner has charge of the pork reserve. Warden Hosp was looking over the pigs a couple of days ago and found they were quite numerous. He instructed a deputy warden to have a pig census taken.

The deputy warden passed the order along to the convict swineherd. In a short time the following report was submitted:

"Caldwell, N. J., Nov. 21.
"Warden F. J. Hosp: I hereby submitting to you full record of pigs:
"1 smaller ones.
"2 more smaller.
"7 little more smaller.
"8 little bits of things.
"1 runt.
"Total, 45 pigs.
"Signed, _____"

The nationality of the "trusty" who made the report has not been disclosed. Everybody has three guesses.

Transferred to Bellefonte.

The Tyrone Herald says: Fireman Harry Jones was the lucky bidder on the Bellefonte yard engines and left to fill his new position. Mr. Jones came to Tyrone about two years ago from Blue Ball and while here won many friends. He is a young man of sterling worth and is making good with the company. The best wishes of his Tyrone friends accompany him to Bellefonte.

For Sale

Located in Milesburg Borough. Good Comfortable Home

with all modern improvements, complete bath room, acetylene lights, hot air furnace, fine cellar, summer house, chicken house, pig-pen, garage, gasoline tank, large stable, elegant garden, lot of fruit, nice side yard.

Lt 50 x 150 Feet

All buildings were roofed last fall with Cedar shingles and fitted with new rain spouts.

Also a 5-acre field that should go with his home about 1000 yards from above mentioned property.

Also 1 brick building 45 1/2 x 78 ft., 2 story, suitable for carriage works, livery stable or for any manufacturing purposes. Above premises will be sold at a sacrifice price. Inquire of

MRS. ADA B. BULLOCK,
State College, Pa.

Waverly
Gasolines
No Carbon
Plenty of Power
Save trouble and expense.
They're true Quality, not
crude, compressed gas.
FREE—325 pages book about them.
WAVERLY OIL WORKS CO.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
LAMP OILS
LUBRICANTS

A Christmas Privilege

And How It Originated

By ETHEL R. MORTON

"Young man, I wish to say to you on entering upon your duties as my gamekeeper that, this being the Christmas season, we may expect a great deal of poaching. I wish you to perform your duties well armed and shoot any one you find attempting to rob me of my birds. The people about here must be taught the difference between my property and theirs. This season there will doubtless be more poaching than usual because there have been hard times and many persons will be without the means of buying their Christmas dinners."

These instructions were given to a stoutly built young man who had applied to wealthy Lord Merivale for a position on the latter's estate. His lordship had tried several gamekeepers of late, but had not found one who would carry out his orders. The reason was that they sympathized with the poachers, who were very poor and seldom had meat of any kind on their tables. At any rate, the earl had discharged one after another, and when this young fellow, George Anderson, appeared and applied for a position he was immediately employed to guard the preserves.

Lord Merivale was the meanest man in England. Possessed of a large estate stocked with more game than he and his family could possibly consume, he would neither sell the superfluity nor give it away.

His lordship occupied his domain under an uncertain title. There were five brothers of his generation, of whom he was the youngest. Of these the oldest had died before coming of age; another had died, a man, but unmarried, while the third, a soldier, had been killed in battle. The fourth, Ralph, being a younger son and obliged to shift for himself, had gone to America to seek his fortune and had never since been heard from. When the father of these five brothers died an effort was made to find Ralph, the result of the investigation indicating that he had been in a fight with Indians or "the plains." Charles Merivale on the death of his father assumed the title and the estates, offering proofs of his older brother Hugh's death, which were accepted by the courts.

After giving his instructions to his gamekeeper, Lord Merivale was moving away when he heard a voice from an upper window:

"Don't be too hard on the poachers, gamekeeper. Suppose you had a family of children and nothing to give them for dinner on Christmas. Wouldn't you bring down a pheasant or two if they were at hand, though I know it would be wrong?"

Anderson looked up to see the sweet face of a girl about seventeen years old looking down upon him. The easement which formed a frame to the living portrait was itself framed by an ivy many years old. The young man thought that he had never seen a more beautiful picture, though the beauty to him consisted largely in the sympathy beaming in every feature.

"Who are you?" he asked.
"Maude."
"Lady Maude, Lord Merivale's daughter?"
"Yes."

The gamekeeper looked at her with an intent curiosity.

"You heard your father's orders?"
"Yes, I heard them. Papa is rather hard on the poachers. He doesn't intend to be, but he is. Of course you have to do as he tells you, but I wish you wouldn't shoot anybody."

"Well, considering that Christmas is coming and you've asked me not to be too hard on them, perhaps I may shut my eyes once in awhile."

"You might fall asleep, you know."

"So I might."

The window was lowered, and Anderson walked away, saying to himself: "I wonder how so mean a man came to have a daughter so kindly disposed. Never fear, my Lady Maude. There will be no shooting of poachers by me. But if by obeying you instead of the earl I get myself discharged!"

He smiled without finishing. It was still a week before Christmas, George Anderson went on duty that night with a fowling piece in his hands loaded with shot. About 11 o'clock Lord Merivale heard the sound of firearms and remarked, "That is either a poacher or my new gamekeeper." Hearing several more shots, he remarked again, "If it is the gamekeeper shooting I shall probably find a number of dead or wounded poachers tomorrow, unless the wounded are able to drag themselves away."

In the morning he called up Anderson and asked him what was the firing during the night.

"What firing?" the keeper asked.
His lordship looked at him in surprise.

"Why, man, I supposed it was you shooting poachers. I see that it was poachers killing my birds. Were you asleep?"

"Upon my word I was wide awake during the whole night."

"Did you not hear the firing?"
"I'm a trifle deaf, my lord."

Merivale went into the house disgusted. Whether an ample supply of birds had been obtained by the poachers or whatever was the reason, there was no poaching that night, but the next there was more firing, and in the morning the keeper declared that he must have been prevented from hearing it by his deafness. The earl was in a quandary. This was the third keeper he had tried within a month. They had all made excuses for not preventing poaching and all the reasons given were very flimsy. But what was the use of discharging one keeper when the next one employed was no more effective?

The night before Christmas eve—that is, two nights before Christmas day—as George Anderson went on duty he was met by the Lady Maude, who said to him:

"There is something I would like to say to you, but I should not."

"There's no fun, Lady Maude, in saying only what we should say."

"Perhaps I had better tell you. If I don't something might happen. Papa called today for some old clothes of one of the tenants. I have found out what use he purposes to make of them."

"What is it?"

"He's going out to play poacher on his own preserves. I fancy it is to find out why you are not dealing harshly with the real poachers. I have been afraid that if I didn't warn you you might shoot him by mistake."

"That's very wise of you."

The girl passed on, and Anderson went to the wood. He kept wide awake during the night, listening for a shot. About midnight he heard a "bang" not far away and went stealthily toward where the sound had seemed to be. On the way he heard another shot so near that, fearing to be discovered, he took position behind a tree, from whence he saw a poacher picking up a bird.

"The old skinflint is doing the killing for his own table," he mused.

There was snow on the ground and a rising moon. These together enabled the keeper to distinguish the earl. Anderson waited till the latter brought down another bird and when it was being taken up fell upon him, seized his gun and, throwing it away, gave him a sound drubbing. Then, seizing him by the collar, he hustled him to the fence and threw him over it into a ditch.

Waiting near to make sure that Merivale was not seriously injured and seeing his bedraggled figure limp away, Anderson, instead of resuming his watch, went to his room, where he sat down at a table and wrote the following:

NOTICE

Tomorrow being Christmas, permission is given for tenants and neighbors to shoot in my preserves what game is needed for a Christmas dinner.

Having prepared this information, he took it, with hammer and tacks, to the gateway of the estate and tacked it in a conspicuous position. On returning to his room, he went to bed.

The next day Lord Merivale kept his room. Just before noon he heard a banging in his grounds that sounded as if a battle were being fought there. With difficulty getting out of bed and into his clothes, he went downstairs. On the portico he encountered Anderson talking to his daughter, Lady Maude. The former had thrown off his keeper's dress for the costume of a western American. The latter seemed to be in a state of excitement.

"What means this firing?" demanded Merivale.

"The poor are killing birds for their Christmas dinners," returned Anderson.

"The poor! Killing my birds for Christmas dinner?"

"Killing my birds by my permission." "Your birds? By your permission? Who are you to talk like this?"

"I am the owner of this estate. Listen, uncle. Your older brother, Ralph, a quarter of a century ago went to America. There he became a cowboy and was killed in an encounter with a party of Indians. Some years ago you sent an agent to America who learned and reported—doubtless to your satisfaction—that there had been a marriage between your older brother and the daughter of a rancher. I sprang from that marriage. I am your brother Ralph's son."

As this brief story developed Merivale turned pale. After pausing a few moments at this point the narrator continued:

"My father left the proofs of his identity with my mother. When I became of age a few months ago she told me that I was the grandson of an English nobleman. I came here to learn the situation. I came as a stranger, for if I found that I was entitled to this estate and it was in worthy hands I might decide not to make myself known. I have found it in the hands of one unworthy of it and have decided to take it to myself."

"The proofs?" cried the earl hoarsely. "You say you have the proofs?"

"Beyond a doubt—my father's statement, the marriage certificate and the record of my birth."

"Then," moaned the earl, "we are beggars!"

"No, you are not beggars. For the sake of my cousin Maude you will be amply provided for."

The Lady Maude was provided for in a way that was not mentioned at the time, for when her cousin had established his claim to the title and the entitled estate he proposed to make her his wife, and she accepted the proposition.

A Typhoon in Japan.

My room on the second floor rocked and swayed, and it seemed as though the building could not hold together. After awhile I grew accustomed to the motion and the noise of breaking glass and dropped off to sleep, but a terrific crash right by my ear brought me up with a start. The sheet iron shutters of my windows had finally succumbed to the fury of the gale and, although fully eight inches outside of the glass, had bent in until the windows, sash and all, lay shattered on the floor. A drenching torrent whirled in through the crack between the resisting shutters, seized a screen and hurled it clear across the room on to my bed and then seized the bed and bounced it savagely up and down. Then part of the roof took leave and slid past my window with the nerve racking clatter of coal pouring into an empty steel bin.

By dawn the typhoon was satisfied with what it had done and moved on out to sea. I retrieved my saturated clothes and went downstairs.—Melvin A. Hall in Century.

Unconscious Memory.

The memory of sleepwalkers is occasionally prodigious under the influence of the dominating impulse that moves them. There is an instance of a poor and illiterate basket maker, who was unable to read or write, yet in a state of sleep he would preach fluent sermons, which were afterward recognized as having formed portions of discourses he was accustomed to hear in the parish church as a child more than forty years before. Quite as strange a case of "unconscious memory" is referred to by Dr. Abercrombie. A girl given to sleepwalking was in the habit of imitating the violin with her lips, giving the preliminary tuning and scraping and flourishing with the utmost fidelity. It puzzled the physician a good deal until he ascertained that when a child she lived in a room adjoining a fiddler who often performed on his violin in her hearing.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Faint Hearted Post.

Samuel Rogers, the English poet, whose house in London was noted as a literary center, was very fond of the society of ladies and was a great favorite with them. Yet he never married, and in his latter years he used to regret not having done so. Rogers' "nearest approximation to the nuptial tie" was with a girl whom he thought to be the most beautiful he had ever seen. At the end of the London season she said to him at a ball: "I go tomorrow to Worthing." He did not go with her. Some months afterward, being at Ranelagh, he saw that the attention of every one was drawn toward a large party that had just entered, in the center of which was a lady leaning on the arm of her husband. Stepping forward to see this wonderful beauty, he found it was his love. She merely said, "You never came to Worthing."

Mission of the Russian Fleets.

A Russian fleet under command of Admiral Lesoffsky lay in New York harbor during the winter of 1893-4, and another was in San Francisco harbor for the same period. Thurloew Weed is authority for the statement that Farragut in his presence at dinner asked Lesoffsky why he was idling the winter away. The Russian answered, "I am here under sealed orders, to be broken only in a contingency that has not yet occurred." In general conversation he allowed it to appear that the particular contingency was that a foreign power should attack the United States. The same authority records a confirmation of this matter by Prince Gortschakoff in St. Petersburg, who showed the Czar Alexander's own order.—New York Sun.

Simple Transposition.

One of the artists had just finished singing "Sally in Our Alley." The song appeared to affect Pogson. I gave him a dig in the ribs and inquired:

"Upset you, old man?"
"That song," he began, "brings to my mind an incident of many years ago which happened when I was a boy. How well I remember the commotion, the wall of the governess, the shrieks of the water! I had a little sister named Sally, and one day we were playing marbles (we called them 'alikes') when all of a sudden Sally swallowed one of my best 'glasses.'"

"But what's the connection with the song?" I asked.

"The alley in our Sally," replied Pogson as he edged away.—London Answers.

Ebony Backed Brushes.

When you clean the ebony brushes on your toilet table rub petroleum jelly over the backs before you wash the bristles, as this prevents the soda or ammonia in the water from injuring the ebony. The jelly should afterward be removed by polishing the back with a dry cloth.

Entertainment For All.

"A pretty girl can get a lot of entertainment out of her mirror," observes an exchange.

True! So can a plain girl who thinks she is pretty.—Boston Transcript.

No Deception.

Wife—You deceived me. When you married me you said you had a job on the road. Hub—Well, so I have; only it's a long time in arriving.—Baltimore American.

A Freethinker.

Willie—Paw, what is a freethinker? Paw—An unmarried man, my son. Maw—You go to bed, Willie.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Painters' Tragedies.

The painter Boecklin's wife would never allow her husband to bring a model to his studio. "That is the tragedy of my life," said Boecklin. "To create without a model is almost impossible, while to employ one would at once mean to break with my wife." The episode is recalled by Dr. Angelo S. Rappoport in "Famous Artists and Their Models."

Another story is of Lucretia del Fede, the cold, unsympathetic, exacting woman who was adored, married and immortalized by Andrea del Sarto. She outlived her husband by many years, dying at the age of eighty-seven in 1570. Long after Del Sarto's death Jacopo di Empoli was one day engaged in copying "The Birth of the Virgin" in the Church of the Annunciation, Florence, when an old woman on her way to church stopped to watch his work and, pointing to the central figure in the painting, said, "That is my portrait." At eighty-six she was proud to proclaim herself the widow of the immortal artist to whom she had given so little peace when he was alive.

Good Tempered Turtles.

Place a number of different kinds and sizes of turtles in a small space and the forbearance which is exhibited might well be a lesson to man. Big and little will crawl about, heedless of each other's comfort or security from harm. A small painted terrapin, for instance, will clamber solidly over the head of a vicious snapper, and the chances are that the latter will merely duck its head or move to one side so that the claws of the former will not injure its eyes. There seems at such times a look of patient resignation or sullen submission, which would immediately change to savage resentment and fierce attack if a man made a hundredth part of the commotion. These creatures appear to be able to distinguish between "no offense meant" and intentional mauling. While they submit to the one, they will fight over the other, if fight has not been previously thrashed out of them.—Kansas City Star.

A Story of Labouchere.

Labouchere's popularity at Frankfurt, according to his own account as given in "The Life of Labouchere," rested on a very simple basis. Great Britain was represented at the diet by Sir Alexander Malet, one of the most popular chiefs to be found in the service.

"But I was even more appreciated than my chief," he would relate, "and this is why: Sometimes there was a ball at the court, which we were expected to attend. At my first ball supper I found myself next to a grandee, gorgeous in stars and ribbons. The servant came to pour out champagne. I shook my head, for I detest champagne. The grandee nudged me and said, 'Let him pour it out.' This I did, and he explained to me that he was a Frenchman, and his guests more than one glass. 'So, you see, if I drink yours I shall have two.' After this there used to be quite a struggle to sit near me at court suppers."

Stopped His Talking.

In the memoirs of Li Hung Chang the great Chinese viceroy, commenting on his visit to Russia, refers to the manner in which the czar and all the high officials appear to be surrounded by would be assassins. "I do not think I would like to exchange positions with the czar even to have the fine czarina as wife and my choice of the rarest tea," says the statesman. He adds the following anecdote, which seems to show that he would have been quite at home in the atmosphere of assassination which he believed to exist in St. Petersburg: "Once in Tientsin a low fellow came into my courtyard and told the banner captain in charge that he intended taking my life. He had a long piece of wire and said he was going to hang me to my own gateposts. I had to have his head cut off before he would stop talking."

Pen Picture of John Paul Jones.

John Paul Jones was something more than a sea fighter. After his great battle he knew brilliant days in Paris, where Queen Marie Antoinette paid him attention and invited him to sit beside her at the opera. All the great ladies ran after him, and quite a few seriously lost their hearts to him. An American woman who met him in Paris wrote this account of him: "He is small of stature, well proportioned, soft in his speech, easy in his address, polite in his manners, vastly civil, understands all the etiquette of a lady's toilet as perfectly as he does the mast sails and rigging of his ship. Under all the appearance of this softness he is bold, enterprising, ambitious and active."

No Change.

The prince of Monaco, who, having had both an English and an American wife, knows whereof he speaks, said of marriage:

"Through marriage a Frenchwoman gains her liberty, an Englishwoman loses hers and an American woman continues to do as she likes."

Welcome Caller.

Visitor—What lovely furniture! Little Tommy—Yes. I think the man we bought it from is sorry now he sold it. Anyway he's always calling.—London Tit-Bits.

Matrimonial.

Many a man who fears he will not win her after he knows her a little while fears he will.—New Orleans Picayune.

A man perfects himself by work much more than by reading.—Carlyle.

Seville's Tower of Giralda.
From its great antiquity alone it from nothing else it is plain that the Giralda at Seville could not have been studied from the tower of the Madison Square Garden in New York, which the American will recall when he sees it. If the case must be reversed and we must allow that the Madison Square tower was studied from the Giralda, we must still recognize that it is no servile copy, but in its frank imitation has a grace and beauty which achieve originality. Still, the Giralda is always the Giralda, and, though there had been no Saint Gaudens to tip its summit with such a flying footed nymph as poises on our tower, the figure of Faith which crowns it is at least a good weather vane and from its office of turning gives the mighty bell tower its name. Long centuries before the tower was a bell-fry it served the mosque, which the cathedral now replaces, as a minaret for the muezzin to call the faithful to prayer, but it was then only two-thirds as high.—Harper's Magazine.

Cultured Hindus.
In Bengal there are about 70,000,000 of people, and they boast of perhaps the best culture in India at the present time. The language as a written language is only fifty years old. Though for over a thousand years it has been a dialect, there is in Indian history unfortunately no trace of Bengal having been an important literary tongue. The language originates from Sanskrit, the mother tongue from which every other Indian language has borrowed its alphabet, grammar and vocabulary; but, unlike the others, Bengali never shrinks from gathering new materials. There are numerous Persian, French, Arabic and English words incorporated in it, and the wonder of it is that, instead of having been degraded into some vulgar form like pidgin English, Bengali has become the most literary, scientific and perhaps the most philosophic of modern Indian languages.

Shrewd Sexton.
Among the tourists who travel through France a considerable number visit the cathedral at Rheims, a magnificent example of gothic architecture. In the tower there is an enormous clock, and it is the sexton's business to wind it every day, a very thing job, as the weights are naturally extremely heavy.

The sexton, however, is a very shrewd fellow. Whenever he shows the trippers this wonderful piece of mechanism he remarks, "Ladies and gentlemen, if you do not believe me regarding the heaviness of the clock weights try for yourselves."

Each of the trippers immediately give a turn or two to the wheel, and as there are some 200 visitors a day the trippers unconsciously and eagerly wind the clock for him and in addition give him an extra tip for being allowed to do his work.—London Outlook.

Emily Bronte's Looks.
A discussion as to the personal appearance of Emily Bronte reveals the remarkable fact that no one knows anything about it since there is no authentic portrait in existence. When Charlotte Bronte first saw George Henry Lewes she said that he was wonderfully like her sister Emily, but this is unfortunate for Emily since Lewes was very much like a baboon. Possibly the comparison was due to a sisterly candor that so seldom errs on the side of mercy. Thanks to photography, the historian of the future will not be in doubt as to the appearance of celebrities of the present generation, but he is likely to have his own opinion as to those worth knowing about.—Argonaut.

"Suburb."
When did the word "suburb" first find its way into the language? It is used in a recently discovered fourteenth ordinance of the city guild of carpenters providing that the members should attend the funeral of any one of the fraternity resident within the city "or in the suburbs." The natural inference is that even then it was part of the everyday talk of the citizens.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Good Substitute.
"Why have you not come to my bridge party as you promised?" telephoned the irate hostess. "You are breaking up one table."
"I am sick," was the reply.
"That's an old excuse."
"Really, I'm sick. I have a trained nurse."

An Inducement.
Wife—I wish, Harry, dear, you'd get me a nice clock for my room. Hub—But I am really very short and can't afford—Wife (interrupting)—If you will I'll set it back two hours the evening you go to the club.—Boston Transcript.

Hope.
"There is no sweeter suffering than hope." So runs an old German proverb, melancholy text for hearts that bitter disappointment has smitten and to whom all hope is but memory.

An Alarming Tale.
Mr. Staylate—The other night I heard a story that gave me such a start. Miss Muchbored—I wish I knew it.—Woman's Home Companion.

The Attraction.
Ella—Did the bride smile as she walked down the aisle? Mai—I don't know; I was watching her hat.—Kansas City Star.

The Story of the Monroe Doctrine.

The tense situation in Mexico naturally arouses popular interest in the much-talked-of Monroe Doctrine. What is the Monroe Doctrine? Off hand, how many persons are able to intelligently explain it? It is reasonably safe to say that not one out of every ten. Leslie's Weekly last week published a most interesting article on the subject, written by Oswald P. Schacht, its Washington representative, as follows:

On December 24, the United States will celebrate the ninetieth anniversary of the day that marked its real advent into the family of world powers. For it was on Dec. 2, 1823, that President Monroe, in a message to Congress, promulgated the famous doctrine that bears his name, and which has ever since been the keynote of our international relations.

Thirty years before, in 1793, Secretary of State Jefferson had given the first intimation of this policy, in a protest against the perils of permitting Europe to encircle our infant nation with colonies owing trans-Atlantic allegiance. In 1776, President Washington, in his farewell address, proclaimed his immortal warning against foreign alliances, which carried with it the corollary of "America for Americans."

Seventy-five years after the announcement of the Monroe Doctrine the unheralded destinies of war carried our flag beyond the confines of this continent and brought us face to face with the perils and the problems of colonial power. But through all the years, we have maintained the Monroe Doctrine against the world, until today it is accepted, at least in silent acquiescence as almost a statute of international law. Every time we are confronted by an international problem, there comes a cry for the abandonment of the doctrine, but so far no party in power has ever dared so bold a step—and none is likely to do so.

President Monroe's message, in part,

proclaimed the doctrine as follows:

The occasion has been judged proper for asserting as a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers.

We owe it, therefore, to candor, and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence, and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledge, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States.

The doctrine has figured repeatedly in our relations both with Latin America and Europe. It has played important roles in the history of Mexico, of Central America and of practically every nation of South America. Doubtless its severest test came in the efforts of Napoleon III to plant an empire in Mexico while we were in the throes of our Civil War. But when that war was over, we raised our band and Maximilian fell. The dreams of European empire in America were gone forever.

In all the history of the Monroe Doctrine, nothing stands out so clearly as the fearless and defiant enunciation of it which President Cleveland proclaimed to the world in December, 1895, after futile efforts had been made to induce Great Britain to submit to arbitration her boundary dispute with Venezuela. In his message to Congress which brought the whole American people to the patriotic support of the Executive, President

Cleveland said:

The Monroe Doctrine finds its recognition in those principles of international law which are based upon the theory that every nation shall have its rights protected and its just claims enforced.

In the belief that the doctrine for which we contend was clear and definite, that it was founded upon substantial consideration and involved our safety and welfare, that it was fully applicable to our present conditions and to the state of the world's progress and that it was directly related to the pending controversy and without any conviction as to the final merits of the dispute, but anxious to learn in a satisfactory and conclusive manner whether Great Britain sought, under a claim of boundary, to extend her possessions on this continent without right, or whether she merely sought possession of territory fairly included within her lines of ownership, this Government proposed to the Government of Great Britain a resort to arbitration as the proper means of settling the question, to the end that a vexatious boundary dispute between the two contestants might be determined and our exact standing and relation in respect to the controversy might be made clear.

It is deeply disappointing that such an appeal, actuated by the most friendly feelings toward both nations directly concerned, addressed to the sense of justice and to the magnanimity of one of the great powers of the world and touching its relations to one comparatively weak and small, should have produced no better results.

The course to be pursued by this Government in view of the present condition does not appear to admit of serious doubt. Having labored faithfully for many years to induce Great Britain to submit this dispute to impartial arbitration, and having been now finally apprized of her refusal to do so nothing remains but to accept the situation, to recognize its plain requirements and deal with it accordingly.

After recommending a Congressional investigation of the dispute, there was something dramatically defiant in President Cleveland's conclusion:

In making these recommendations I am fully alive to the responsibility incurred, and keenly realize all the consequences that may follow. I am nevertheless firm in my conviction that while it is a grievous thing to contemplate the two great English-speaking peoples of the world as being otherwise than friendly competitors in the onward march of

civilization and strenuous and worthy rivals in all the arts of peace, there is a calamity which a great nation can invite which equals that which follows a submission to wrong and injustice and the consequent loss of national self respect and honor beneath which are shielded and defended a people's safety and greatness.

Great Britain consented to arbitrate the claim, and the crisis was passed.

As a result of Japanese efforts to secure harbor rights in Magdalena Bay, the United States Senate promulgated an important extension of the Monroe Doctrine a year ago. On the motion of Senator Lodge of Massachusetts, the Senate adopted the following resolution August 2, 1912, by a vote of 51 to 4.

Resolved, That when any harbor or other place in the American continents is so situated that the occupation thereof for naval and military purposes might threaten the communications of the safety of the United States, the Government of the United States could not see without grave concern the possession of such harbor or other place by any corporation or association which has such a relation to another Government, not American, as to give that Government practical power of control for naval or military purposes.

While there is a general belief that the European nations resent our insistence upon the Monroe Doctrine, it is a fact that the chancelleries of all the great powers have come to realize that this doctrine carries with it one of the most powerful guarantees of world peace. It has practically eliminated the Western Hemisphere from the petty bickerings of European nations that have so often brought them to the verge of war. Were it not for the Monroe Doctrine, there would be just as much conflict and dispute over "zones of influence" in Latin America as in Africa and Asia.

Had there been some great African power that could assert a doctrine which would prevent European nations from attempting to despoil each other in the battle for riches in the Dark Continent, there would have been no Moroccan controversy, with the peril to world peace that it entailed. Were there some Asiatic

power able to assert a doctrine to all the world a Monroe Doctrine for Asia which the world would have to respect another great step would have been taken to insuring world peace.

VALUABLE ADVICE

Bellefonte Citizens Should Profit By The Following Statement.

Doan's Kidney Pills were used by this Bellefonte resident. Their merit was shown—the story told. Now comes further evidence. The testimony is confirmed. The remedy was tested the results lasted.

Could Bellefonte residents demand stronger proof?

It's Bellefonte testimony. It can be investigated. William E. Haines, Sunny Side St., Bellefonte, Pa., says: "In 1890 I began to suffer from lameness in my back, and a dull, lingering ache in my loins, that made it hard for me to work. I did not rest well and was at a loss to know what to do. After trying a number of remedies without being benefited, I learned of Doan's Kidney Pills and got a box. They proved to be just the remedy I required, removing the trouble in a short time. The statement I gave some years ago, recommending Doan's Kidney Pills holds good."

The above statement must carry conviction to the mind of every reader. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—ask distinctly for Doan's Kidney Pills, the same that Mr. Haines had—the remedy backed by home testimony. 50c all stores. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

"When Your Back is Lame—Remember the Name."

Billions? Feel heavy after dinner? Tongue coated? Bitter taste? Complexion sallow? Liver needs waking up. Doan's Regulate cure bilious attacks. 25 cent at any drug store.

Reap "The Republican" \$1 a year in advance.

MORE GOODS, MORE SERVICE, MORE STIR AND ACTIVITY EVERYWHERE==THE RUSH OF A BUSY SEASON IS UPON US

"Do You Mean to Say This Suit is Only \$10," Said a Man.

We said yes. "Well, alter the trousers right away," he continued. "I paid sixteen dollars for a suit in another place just about a month ago that isn't near as good as this."

We haven't got that suit to show now. Its on the back of the man whom we've just quoted. But we have others as good. We doubt if there ever have been suits in Bellefonte or in the state of Pennsylvania equal to the suits we have marked at \$10.00.

The showing is immense. All sizes represented. Serges, worsteds and cassimeres.

Choose Now From 12 Styles of New \$2 Hats For Men

Everything from the quality of the material to the minutest detail of finishing is as perfect as we can have it made, and the colors are the always wanted dark shades and a number of fashionable novelties.

In Our Men's Furnishing Dept We Offer Men's \$1 & \$1.25

Shirts at

55c

Plain and plaited Shirts, fancy and plain color mercerized pongee Shirts, with and without collars attached. These are the season's accumulations from one of the best shirt manufacturers in the country. These shirts are guaranteed fast colors and cut very generously big.

Boys' Blouses - 48c

With or without collar. White madras, percales and pongees. Sizes 6 to 15 years.

SPECIALS THIS WEEK

Women's Silk Dresses \$7.50

95 attractive \$10.75 and \$13.50 frocks of fashionable crepe de chene, charmeuse and other silks in all the wanted colors.

Silk Shirt Waists - \$1.95

Last of their kind. One and two and three of a kind. All silk, blue, brown, white and striped.

Boys' Overcoats - \$3.75

Just 42 warm brown and grey chinchilla coats in a button up to the neck style. Made with belt all round and well lined. 3 to 10 years.

Men's & Women's Heavy Allwool

Sweater Coats, Regular \$4 Value, \$2.98

In colors of grey, navy, garnet; large shawl collar which buttons up close around the neck; all sizes.

Lovely \$3 Crepe Kimonos

Very handsomely trimmed; in all the delicate shades; empire and French effects.

Special at \$1.98.

Table Linens

70 inches wide; pure Irish linen; in floral and striped designs; reg. \$1 per yard; Special at 69c. yd.

Which Line is the "Best Seller" Among Our Women's Shoes?

The one that we have the most calls for is the 3 WEYERBODYS. The assortment always complete. There isn't a style, nor a toe or a leather that you can think of that you cannot find in this line. Besides, every pair is strictly guaranteed to give service. The most wonderful line of shoes for ladies, at our always pleasing price of

\$2.48 pair.

CLASTER'S

Crider's Exchange

Bellefonte, Penna.

Men's and Young Men's Chinchilla

OVERCOATS

Values that transcend the most unusual ever presented at this season! Chinchilla Overcoats of finest quality in a variety of styles to suit all tastes at lowest prices of years. The backward season has done its work—left biggest makers overloaded with vast surplus Chinchilla Overcoat stocks and no near market. We had choice of the best at makers' cost of production price. Unusual bargains at this season of the year.

Buy that winter overcoat now. \$20.00 Chinchilla Overcoats

\$12.50

THE REPUBLICAN.

Belleville, Pa., November 27, 1913

CHARLES E. DORWORTH, - Ed. & Pub.

Subscription rate, \$1 a year, strictly in Advance.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

The Republican and the New York Tribune Farmer, \$1.50 a year in Advance.

Advertising Rates.

One Column, 1 Year, \$100
One Half Column, 1 Year, \$50
One Quarter Column, 1 Year, \$25
Local Notices (if no special contract exists)
10 cents per line, each insertion, nonpareil measure.

THANKSGIVING.

In keeping with custom, today has been set apart as one for giving thanks the country over. The day has become a universal holiday. By some the true spirit of the occasion is overlooked, but this may not be said of the people as a whole. For such prosperity as we have enjoyed in the last year let us be duly thankful. To those of us who have not achieved all that we may have set out to do, or been rewarded in the measure that we have felt our efforts merited, let there ever be the thought that behind each cloud is a silver lining and that success is bound to come in the end.

All who are blessed with health and strength should remember those who are less fortunate, and help all such in every way possible. Today is donation day at the Belleville hospital, and every gift of money or articles of provision, linens, etc., will be gratefully received. If yours has been a year of success and prosperity, share some part of it, even though it be small, with the hospital.

In the campaign which resulted in the election of President Wilson much attention was devoted by the Democratic spellbinders to announcing that the tariff would be reduced and the price of living brought down. Nothing much was said by the same orators as to how necessary additional revenue for the government would be raised. Now the people are beginning to find out. The tariff has been reduced and the revised law is in effect, but the price of living is higher than ever before. In addition many persons find themselves burdened with the income tax, another new law enacted by President Wilson and the Democratic Congress. Most persons who voted for a lower tariff honestly thought that they were voting for lower prices. The result speaks for itself. It is striking home at every business man and farmer whose yearly income is within the provisions of the income tax.

BUSTER BROWN IS BACK

Old Favorite Among the Excellent Features of The Gazette Times.

Buster Brown smiles at us again in the colored comic section of The Pittsburgh Gazette Times, and we laugh right back at him and with him. Buster is the brightest and most amusing American boy who ever played harmless pranks in the pages of a newspaper. We have missed him for a long time. His return to us is one of the happiest events of recent journalistic history. Now we will have a good laugh every Sunday when our Gazette Times arrives.

R. F. Outcalt, the creator of Buster and Tige and Mary Jane, thought he could retire from the "comic game" but he could not. Not only that, he comes back to it better than ever. Buster Brown never before was so funny. He is our old friend but more mirth-provoking than when we last saw him.

Buster rounds out the lot of good things regularly to be found in The Sunday Gazette Times. There are Elsie Janis' illustrated articles telling how to do the new dances, a page of real fashion and home hints by Anne Rittenhouse, a delightful series of drawings by James Montgomery Flagg, "A Girl You Know"; much excellent fiction, including "Pollyanna," the "glad story"; the illustrated Sunday Magazine, complete in itself; a big sporting section and all the news. So The Gazette Times will satisfy all members of the family.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 5th day of December, A. D. 1886.
(Seal)

A. W. GLEASON

Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

"Generally debilitated for years. Had sick headaches, lacked ambition, was worn-out and all run-down. Burdock Blood Bitters made me a well woman."
—Mrs. Chas. Freitoy, Moosup, Conn.

What Christmas Day Brought the Convict

IT was late in the afternoon of the day before Christmas. To the woman who waited for news and yet dreaded its coming it was the closing of the longest, wretchedest, dreariest day that she had ever known. She had been advised not to hope, yet she clung to hope, feeling that if she gave up entirely she must die. If the worst came she must live for the sake of the children, who were too young to know of the shadow that clouded their lives.

Often and often the woman went to the window and looked out at the dreary street. Once when a boy came down the walk with the blue uniform of a telegraph messenger she clutched at her throat and uttered a little moan of despair.

"What's matter, mamma?" asked the little girl that clung to her skirts. The woman could not reply until after the messenger had passed her gate. Then she caught the child in her arms and covered its face with kisses. Hope once more revived in her heart.

When she went to the window again the woman looked out and saw her husband coming. In the wave of joy that surged over her she did not notice that he looked old and hopeless and broken and bent that there



HE TOOK OPEN THE TELEGRAM.

was no elasticity in his step. She threw open the door and ran down the gravelled walk to the gate.

"John, oh John," she cried, flinging her arms about his neck, "you are free! Heaven be praised for his mercies. You are free."

The man pressed her to his heart, unable to speak.

"What's that you would not tell you guilty—they could not," she cried. "My poor Grace," he murmured, stroking her hair, "you must be brave. I have been found guilty. Five years in the penitentiary."

"Then how is it that you are here?"

"The judge who sentenced me has given me a reprieve on my own recognition so that I can spend Christmas with you and the babies. I am in honor bound to surrender myself to the sheriff on the first of the year. It was a technical violation of the law only. They know I am honest, but the sentiment of the public is set so strongly against bankers that I could not get justice. Even my political friends dare not support me. It is an unexpected favor that I am allowed to be with you for a few days."

John Anstruther spoke bitterly, and his wife listened with tearful eyes. She controlled herself with an effort.

"John, the children!" she whispered. "They must not know. Let them have one more happy Christmas. They have been praying for you to come home. Let us smile and be happy with them for a few days. Let us forget the dread future."

Once during the evening she spoke of a pardon which might be asked of the governor.

"It is a vain hope, dear," her husband said. "We will not waste ourselves on it." And he relapsed into thoughtful silence.

But for all the shadow that hung over the home there was a Christmas tree, and the Anstruther babies were happy. Their convict father played the role of Santa Claus. Their mother laughed and sang, though now and then her voice broke and her eyes were wet with tears. A few neighbors called full of sympathy and yet timid about showing it. All the little town felt that it was best to let the stricken family enjoy their Christmas cheer without intrusion even on the part of those who loved and respected them.

When the children, surfeited with sweets and their arms still filled with precious toys, were asleep once more the mother was busy in her kitchen with her preparations for the grand Christmas dinner of the morrow—perhaps the last bountiful meal her children would have through all the dark years to come.

John Anstruther went to his room to look over his papers. In the drawer he suddenly found something that made his heart leap.

It was a revolver. He took the shining, cruel thing in his hands, and a sort of madness came over him. Here was his opportunity. Here was escape from the stripes, the dark cell, the ignominy of prison life. Here was provision for Grace and his babies. His \$20,000 life insurance still was in force, and he knew well that it was nonforfeitable even in case of suicide. A

sudden sharp shock and it would be over. Even for her it would be better than the five years of living death.

He pressed the cold muzzle to his forehead. His finger was on the trigger. He could hear Grace singing sadly, with a pathetic attempt to be gay in the kitchen.

"Coward!"

The warning voice came out of the void, like the voice of the angel who spoke to Abraham on the mountain top. Perhaps it was only the cry of his own consciousness, made audible by his imagination. But he heard it distinctly. A revulsion of feeling swept over him.

"Oh, not that, not that, thank God," he murmured.

He put the weapon back in the drawer and went out into the kitchen, where Grace was dressing the Christmas turkey.

"Five years will soon pass," he said cheerfully, "and there will be a generous allowance for good conduct. I will have some sort of bookkeeping to do, and the life will be bearable, no doubt. Let us meet the future bravely, dear heart. God will not fail to send us comfort. And you—you dear, brave little woman—you will get along somehow. We have friends yet, thank heaven."

It was the first time he had ventured to speak of the life in prison, and she was comforted to know that he took so brave a view. That night they slept, and the next day their Christmas dinner was an occasion of joy to the children, and the parents, thankful to be together, simulated a cheerfulness that almost deceived one another.

It was late in the afternoon that a large number of their neighbors came trooping in with words of love and sympathy and encouragement. They promised to look after Grace and the children, and when John got back they spoke of it as if he were going only on a little journey—they declared that the village would be at the train with a band to receive him.

"You will be a convict, but not a criminal, John," said the leading merchant warmly. "You can step into the best job in my store the day after you get home. I promise you that and call upon these neighbors to witness it."

John Anstruther rose to reply, but before he could speak the door was opened and a blue coated messenger boy appeared with a telegram. Anstruther tore it open with shaking fingers.

"The governor has signed your unconditional pardon as a Christmas gift to your wife and babies. He did it as an act of justice and in response to telegrams from hundreds of men throughout the state who know you are an honest man. Congratulations."

The name signed to the telegram was that of the secretary of state—Chicago Tribune.

Christmas Treasures

By EUGENE FIELD.

I COUNT my treasures over with care—A little toy that baby knew, A little sock of faded hue, A little lock of golden hair. Long years ago this Christmas time My little one—my all to me—Sat robed in white upon my knee And heard the merry Christmas chime.

"Tell me, my little golden head, If Santa Claus should come tonight, What shall he bring my baby bright, What treasure for my boy?" I said. And then he named the little toy While in his round and truthful eyes There came a look of glad surprise That spoke his trustful, childish joy.



And as he lapsed his evening prayer, He asked the boon with baby grace, And, toddling to the chimney place, He hung his little stocking there. That night as lengthening shadows crept I saw the white winged angels come With music to our humble home And kiss my darling as he slept.

He must have heard that baby prayer, For in the morn, with glowing face, He toddled to the chimney place And found the little treasure there. They came again one Christmas tide, That angel host so fair and white, And, singing all the Christmas night, They lured my darling from my side.

A little sock, a little toy, A little lock of golden hair, The Christmas music on the air, A watching for my baby boy, But if again that angel train And golden host come back for me To bear me to eternity My watching will not be in vain.

For This Christmas, Ye old time stave that peeth out To Christmas revelers all, At tavern tap and wassail bout And in ye banquet hall—Whiles ye old burden rings again, Add yet ye verse, as due, "God rest ye merry, gentlemen," And gentlewomen too!
—James Whitcomb Riley.

How Royalty Sleeps.

"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," says the poet. But the precautions that are taken to assure undisturbed rest to King George of England must at least bring quiet to his pillow. The outside of the royal palace is, of course, guarded by soldiers and detectives all night, and several night watchmen pace up and down the corridors through the hours of darkness, says the London correspondent of the New York Sun.

These men are shod in thick felt slippers so that their footsteps will not wake the royal sleeper, and one of them is always near the king's room until his majesty is called by his valet in the morning.

Every door and window in the palace is frequently examined, and it would be impossible for any intruder to get in without being discovered. The king is as well protected as the czar of Russia, who has a guard of armed Cossacks outside of his room, or the king of Spain, who is watched by a squad of specially picked soldiers, who keep the keys of all the doors of the palace during the night.

Oratory and Seasickness.

According to A. C. Benson, it was the habit of the late Professor Slidgwick, when crossing the English channel, "to take his stand in some secluded part of the vessel and to pour out audibly and rhetorically his repertory of English verse, accompanying it with a good deal of emphatic gesticulation. I believe that the first experiment was successful and that he secured immunity from nausea. But he said the second time that he tried it he was interrupted by one of the officers with a message from the captain begging him to desist on the ground that some of the lady passengers were frightened by his behavior, being under the impression that he was mentally deranged. He complied with the request, and, deprived of its intellectual prophylactic, his brain succumbed to physical sensations."

A Dream Superstition.

I heard what was to me at least a new piece of superstition the other day, and when I think of the risks I've run all these years because I did not know of it my blood runs cold. I met a woman from Virginia in market, and the talk falling on dreams I recalled a most blood curdling nightmare I had had the night before.

"I must tell you what I dreamed last night," I said.

"Let me ask first whether it's a pleasant or an unpleasant dream?" said the lady from Virginia.

"Decidedly unpleasant."

"Then for mercy's sake don't tell it!" said she. "Never tell a bad dream on Saturday, for we say in Virginia: Friday night's dream on Saturday told is sure to come true, no matter how old."

—Washington Post.

Curious Fish Spear.

In spite of the march of civilization there remains much that is still primitive in Sicily, and a curious sight at Palermo is to see the fishermen spearing fish in the harbor by the aid of glass bottomed buckets, says the Wide World Magazine. There are many corners of the world where fish are speared, but perhaps the use of the glass bottomed bucket in this connection is to be seen only at Palermo.

The fishermen lean far over the side of their boats and hold the bucket on the water with one hand, poking their heads into it as if engaged in the Halloween game of ducking for apples. They hold a spear poised in the free hand and thus await the arrival of their victims, who are sighted through the glass bottom of the bucket, which acts as a kind of telescope.

Migrating Birds.

During many of the nights in September the inhabitants of the island of Helgoland are astir with big lanterns and a kind of enormous butterfly net, the former to attract and dazzle the migrating birds when they come to earth to rest, and the latter to secure them. Mr. Seebohm, the great authority on bird migration, states that he has known as many as 15,000 skylarks to be caught on the island in a single night. The migrating birds are always interesting to the ships that ply across the North sea and the Baltic. In September they settle on yard arm or on deck, rather tired, and the seamen catch flies and collect them into receptacles for the benefit of the birds.

Trial by Jury.

The establishment of the trial by jury runs back even prior to the time of Alfred the Great. He is said to have organized juries of twelve men as now in practice, but even earlier six Welsh and six Anglo-Saxon freemen acted as a jury where there was a dispute between Welsh and Saxons.

Clear Inference.

"Jim told me a riproaring joke that was played on some member of your club last evening. Were you there?" "Yes, I was there! It was an abominable, farfetched!"

"O-oh! Jim did not tell me that you were the man it was on." —Houston Post.

Strangeness of the Sex.

A woman can become highly excited over the fact that a bride is starting out in married life with machine hemmed napkins.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Weight of Snow.

A cubic foot of newly fallen snow weighs five and one-half pounds and has twelve times the bulk of an equal weight of water.

I wasted time, and now time doth waste me.—Shakespeare.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure

ROYAL—the most celebrated of all the baking powders in the world—celebrated for its great leavening strength and purity. It makes your cakes, biscuit, bread, etc., healthful, it insures you against alum and all forms of adulteration that go with the low priced brands.

Penny-A-Word Column.

WANTED—White pine wood. Write or inquire of P. B. Crider & Son, Belleville, Pa.

WANTED—Sober industrious young man to do dairy work. PARK VIEW DAIRY, Osceola Mills, Pa.

FOR RENT—Two houses in first-class condition one is 4 rooms, one 5 rooms. Inquire of Mrs. William L. Steele, Sr., Belleville, Pa.

WANTED—Experienced or young man to learn lunch business. Inquire, 6-19-3t, MOWRY'S CAFE, Tyrone, Pa.

TEACHERS—I can give you some good bargains in reference books and dictionaries if you see me soon. E. J. WILLIAMS, Fleming Pa.

AGENTS—Either sex, to distribute free pkgs. Perfumed Laundry Starch. Good Pay. All or spare time. No money 539 Blumer Bldg. Lincoln Ave., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—A good farmer on the Barnside farm on Purdue Mountain, 3 miles from Belleville. Will make liberal proposition and give possession in December. Inquire WILLIAM BURNSIDE, Belleville, Pa.

WANTED—Reliable, energetic man to sell Lubricating oils, greases and paints in Centre and adjacent counties. Salary or Commission. Doan Oil & Paint Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

BOOK-KEEPING—Special auditing and book-keeping by experienced book-keeper. Is in position to take charge of and keep a limited number of sets of books. Inquire of or address "Book-keeper," care "The Republican" office, Belleville, Pa.

FOR SALE—A 7-Room House with heat & light. A good Barn & all necessary out-buildings. Lot 100 x 200.

W. O. DOUGHERTY, Lemont, Pa.

LOST—A folder pocketbook, containing \$5.40; was lost between Centre County Bank and Poor House. Finder please return to W. R. Shope & Son, Coa Yard.

FOR SALE—The Dr. W. W. Feidt property on High Street is offered for sale, desirable location; property in good condition; price reasonable. Inquire of Robert Cole, Architect, Belleville, Pa. 7-31-tf.

WONDERFUL AMAZING INVENTION:—Just out. Agents coining money. Lights the home brilliantly for one cent per night. Competent agents work into territorial managers quickly. Allen-Sparks Gas Light Co. Lansing, Mich.

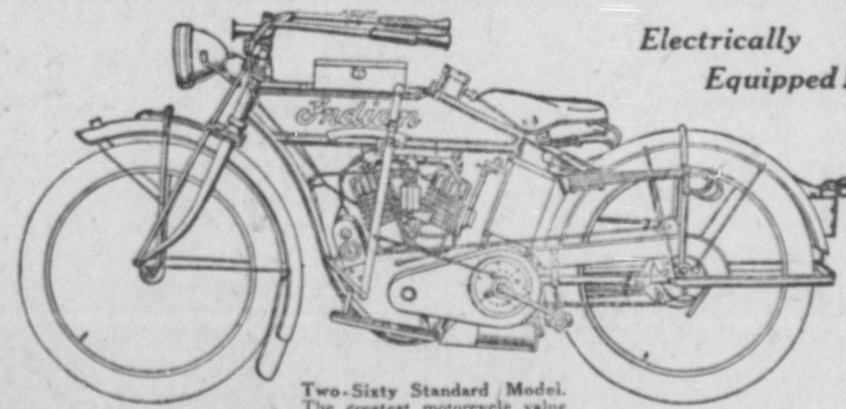
FOR RENT—A double front office in the Exchange Building; steam heated; rent reasonable. Also a house on East Lamb Street; bath room; complete; creek sewerage; heater in cellar. Inquire of P. W. Crider.

FOR SALE—A dark brown horse, rising six years old. This horse is strictly sound and one of the best family brake horses in the state. Weight 1150 lbs. Neat in appearance, a nice free driver, and will stand anywhere without being tied. Also will sell good top buggy and harness—worth the money. Address to SELLER, Box 5, Centre Hall.

Unclaimed Letters.

The following letters remain unclaimed at the Belleville postoffice: Discount Clerk, Valley Deposit & Trust Co., S. H. Kimble, Henry Mitterling, Mrs. Cora Noll, Master Harry Olders, Rev. W. J. Shambaugh, Mrs. Margaret Shuey, D. G. Stites. When called for please say advertised.

Read "The Republican" \$1 a year in advance.



Electrically Equipped!

Indian MOTORCYCLES FOR 1914

60,000 brand-new red machines will go out over the Indian trails during the coming year—the greatest motorcycle production in the history of the industry.

They will flash forth fully armed with "Thirty-Eight Betterments for 1914!" Armed with powerful and beautiful Electrical Equipment! Armed with a New Standard of Value which must completely overturn all existing ideas of motorcycle worth.

All standard Indian models for 1914 come equipped with electric head light, electric tail light, two sets high amperage storage batteries, electric signal, Corbin-Brown rear-drive speedometer.

You cannot fully realize the 1914 Indian without a thorough study of the 1914 Indian Catalog. It makes plain a host of compelling Indian facts that all motorcycle-interested men can consider to their real profit. Send for the 1914 Indian Catalog—the most interesting volume of motorcycle literature you've ever read.

The 1914 line of Indian Motorcycles consists of:

4 H.P. Single Service Model.....	\$200.00
7 H.P. Twin Two-Twenty-Five, Regular Model.....	225.00
7 H.P. Twin Two-Sixty, Standard Model.....	260.00
7 H.P. Twin Light Roadster Model.....	260.00
7 H.P. Twin Two-Speed, Regular Model.....	275.00
7 H.P. Twin Two-Speed, Tourist Standard Model.....	300.00
7 H.P. Twin Hendee Special Model (with Electric Starter).....	325.00

Prices F.O.B. Factory

HENRY T. NOLL, Dealer.

Pleasant Gap,

Penna.

The County at a Glance.

Howard.

Quite an interesting Thanksgiving service was held on Sunday evening, last, in the Methodist Episcopal church, the sermon being delivered by Rev. W. S. Carson.

Mr. Wagner was a Bellefonte visitor last Thursday.

Jean Fletcher is spending a few days with his parents at this place.

Dean Bennisson returned home last Friday.

Joseph Weirick was a visitor over Sunday with his parents here.

Col. John A. Woodward was a Bellefonte visitor on Monday. He is at present engaged in arranging for the annual Farmers' Institutes for Centre County.

W. Schenck and Mack and Sam Shay were shopping visitors in Bellefonte on Monday.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Howard Reformed church held a chicken and waffle supper in the Weber hall, adjoining the postoffice, on Saturday night. A neat sum was raised.

Miss Mabel Loder returned home on Monday evening.

Mrs. Walter Cook and daughter Marion, and Anna Litch were Bellefonte visitors on Saturday, attending to Thanksgiving shopping while there.

Blair Hays and family spent Sunday with his sister in Mt. Eagle.

Mrs. Hastings and Rosetta Schenck enjoyed a shopping expedition to Bellefonte last Saturday.

Mrs. Belle Moke was an arrival home on Tuesday evening.

Joseph Smith went to Bellefonte last Thursday to see his son, Lou, who is at the hospital.

At this writing Joseph Loder is somewhat improved.

The grammar school of Howard held a literary session in the High School room on Wednesday evening of last week. The debate was on the subject: "Resolved, That Washington was a greater man than Lincoln." The judges decided in favor of the affirmative.

Mrs. William Weber was a shopping visitor in Bellefonte last Saturday.

Mt. Eagle.

Groceryman Frank Deitz last Saturday distributed a car load of coal among his many customers.

Miss Nancy Robinson, who spent a week in Snow Shoe with her sister, Mrs. Lauthier, returned home on Wednesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Stone, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., who had been visiting with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Shank, returned home on Wednesday.

Mrs. J. R. Phasant was in Howard on Wednesday doing a little shopping and greeting her friends.

Corn husking is about done and most persons are doing their butchering to get sausage for buckwheat cakes and gravy.

Mrs. Thomas McCartney and Mrs. Lauthier, of Snow Shoe, are visiting with friends in the valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Blain Hays and child, of Howard, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Archy Bathurst.

Thomas Conner and Mr. Rogers have opened out their prop job on the Lucas tract of timber, at the head of Kennedy hollow.

Earl H. Leathers has returned home from the mountains and reports no deer for his camp.

E. E. Heverly and little daughter departed on Sunday morning to see his sister, Mrs. Moore.

Mr. Cramer, of Mill Hall, spent Sunday at the home of Alf Strickland and family.

Mrs. T. G. Leathers was in Howard doing some shopping on Saturday afternoon.

Hays Daughenbaugh, who is employed with the concreting crew, was home to spend Sunday with his family.

Miss Stella Bathurst, who makes her home in Bellefonte, spent Sunday here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Austin Bathurst.

Mr. and Mrs. Folk and child, of Altoona, visited on Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Boney.

Mrs. McNary, of Howard, took supper on Sunday evening at the Alf Strickland home.

Mr. and Mrs. Claire Gates and daughter, of Bellefonte, were Sunday visitors with Mt. Eagle friends.

Parcels Post Shipments.

Postmaster Valentine has asked us to again call attention to the wisdom of mailing Christmas gifts as early as possible where the same are to be sent by parcels post. Considerable red tape attends each and every parcels post shipment, and since at the postoffice the system is one of first come first served, persons who mail their gifts early are sure to have them attended to satisfactorily.

Engagement Announced.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Ruth Copenhaver and Charles Haupt, both of Tyrone.

Port Matilda.

Mrs. C. W. Crain has returned from a visit with relatives in Pittsburgh.

Rev. W. B. Cook last week underwent an operation for some trouble with his foot and since then has been feeling much better.

Quite a number of Thanksgiving guests have arrived at A. J. Johnson's. They are Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bargerstock, of Punxsutawney; Mr. and Mrs. Ogle Jones, of Johnstown; Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Jones and a couple of friends from New Castle.

Every one is beginning to think about butchering. Several have planned to butcher on Thanksgiving day, among them Adam Cowher's, J. H. Crain's, Geo. Young and W. G. L. Crain's.

H. L. Shope made a business trip to Bellefonte Monday.

Miss Leora Harshbarger visited friends in Altoona over Sunday.

Dr. Irvin, of Fleming, medical examiner for this district, has been visiting our schools during the past week for the purpose of thoroughly examining the pupils to detect defective eyesight, hearing, throat trouble, etc.

J. A. Williams spent Sunday at home with his family. One of his younger boys, Harold, is a sufferer from a nervous affection at the present time and every one is hoping for the complete recovery of the bright little fellow.

Mrs. Craig and daughter, of Los Angeles, Cal., are visiting at the S. S. Miles home.

Mrs. Wm. Gates and daughter, of Scotia, spent a day last week with the former's sister, Mrs. Curt Spotts.

Harry Marshall and family attended the funeral of Mr. Marshall's father at Houserville Saturday.

On Sunday Mr. P. B. Woodring took his aged mother, Mrs. Jessie Woodring, to Milesburg where she will spend a week or two.

S. S. Osman went to meet F. S. Jones in Altoona Wednesday evening and together they go to Pittsburgh to see the Penn State-Pitt game on Thanksgiving day.

Preaching services in the M. E. church Sunday morning at 10.30, and in the Presbyterian church special services for the Juniors will be held at 11.00 a. m.

Blanchard.

Funeral services were held here on Tuesday for the little son of Mr. and Mrs. William Wanamaker, of Newberry, who died last Sunday evening from cerebro spinal meningitis. Services were held from the home of Mrs. Wanamaker's sister, Mrs. Clarence Bitner, and interment was made in the Disciple cemetery. The sympathy of the entire community is with the bereaved parents, who are mourning the loss of their first born.

A number of butchering are scheduled for Thanksgiving Day, and the good, old-fashioned sausage and buckwheat cakes will return to favor.

Funeral services were held here on Sunday afternoon, last, at 2 o'clock, over the remains of the late Gerrett Shank, who died suddenly in Baltimore, Md., on Wednesday of last week.

Clarence Shank, a brother of the deceased went to Baltimore and with Chauncey DeLong, of Philadelphia, accompanied the remains to Blanchard. Following funeral services held from the home of Porter Kunes, and conducted by Rev. A. Linkleiter, interment was made in the Disciple cemetery. Gerrett Shank was about 44 years old at the time of his death. He was an expert glass cutter, and was the father of Mrs. Charles Graham, of near here, who survives as do also two brothers in addition to Clarence Shank.

Centre Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Miller and little son, of Millinburg, visited the former's parents several days last week.

Rev. Mr. Colledge was a guest at the home of John A. Kline over Sunday.

Grandfather Schaefer is visiting friends in Penns valley this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Brour, of Tusseyville, visited recently with the latter's sister, Mrs. Arthur Cummings.

Mr. and Mrs. Stump, of Springs Bank, visited with Mrs. Emerick last week.

Mrs. Louisa Smull, of Smulton, spent a day recently with Mrs. Harry Miller.

While the deer season was on the report of the rifle could be heard frequently.

James From, of Centre Hall, stopped in our community last week.

Most of the farmers have finished with their fall work.

Prof. Elmer Bierley sold his large stack of lime to Mr. Harter.

A. A. Witter Stricken.

A. A. Witter, former division operator of the Tyrone division Pennsylvania railroad, suffered a slight stroke of paralysis at his home in Tyrone last Thursday morning. His condition is not serious.

The Boy Bishop

PERHAPS the most remarkable of all celebrations in honor of St. Nicholas was the old one of the boy bishop. The boy bishop assumed his office on St. Nicholas day, Dec. 6, and held it till Holy Innocents' day, Dec. 28. The custom originated on the continent of Europe and was adopted in England, where it reached what was probably its fullest development. A boy was chosen to represent a bishop and was clothed with all the robes and



THE BOY BISHOP RULED WITH HIGHEST POMP AND AUTHORITY.

invested with all the insignia pertaining to the station. Other boys represented priests, deacons and other suitable persons for the bishop's train. The boy bishop conducted a service in the church, and in some cases he and his companions went about from house to house singing and collecting money, which they did not ask as a gift, but demanded as a right.

The boy bishop attained his fullness of dignity at Salisbury cathedral, though he was known all over England. There he was chosen from among the choir boys, the best forming his retinue, and he ruled with the highest pomp and most absolute authority. He is said to have conducted all the services of the church except the mass. In some other places the boy bishop is said to have celebrated the mass itself. If any prebend fell vacant in his term of office he filled it, and if he died before his term expired he was buried with all the honors due to a genuine bishop. There is record of a boy bishop at Salisbury filling a vacant prebend by the appointment of his schoolmaster, and there is in the cathedral there the tomb of one who died while holding his office. On the top of it is an effigy of the child in full episcopal robes.

Such masquerading plays as this were not then deemed offensive or derogatory to the dignity of the church. In fact, much coarser and more unorthodox exhibitions were freely permitted on some occasions, even to the extent of burlesques of the services of the church within its own walls. Of course the evil and discreditable side was bound to be seen in time, and the functions of the boy bishop were at last forbidden by Henry VIII. They were restored, however, for a time by Mary. —St. Nicholas.

St. Nicholas Eve.

A stranger visiting the German colonies of our great cities would think that his almanac needed resetting, for on the evening of Dec. 5 thousands of little stockings are hung up with the same careful clothsplanning and heart of hope as on the authentic Christmas eve. St. Nicholas eve it is that the "fatherland" exiles are celebrating. Just as early as any children ever get up those that are paying honor to the gift saint tumble out of bed and find their stockings well weighed with fruit and candies and applesauce.

The naughty child that has been a trial to its parents in previous weeks is rather likely to find his stockings laden with coal. It is a hint that a second gift season is at hand and that it would be well to fall into line with the good children. And the good children are encouraged to a renewed and severer virtue for the days between their present reward and the fuller holiday that is coming—Country Life In America.

Christmas Song.

O'er Bethlehem town
A star looked down
When shepherds watched by night,
And wise men gazed
With hearts amazed
To see the wondrous sight.
"Beloved star,
We follow thee."
They said, An angel voice
Upon the air
Rang full and clear.
It sung: "Rejoice! Rejoice!"
"A Child is born!"
"The Christmas morn!"
Then sing, dear children, sing,
For history's page
In every age
Shall hail that Child a King.
—Lydia Avery Cooley.

A Greeting.

God send a blessed Christmas
To every patient life.
A little resting from the toil.
A surcease of the strife.
May Faith breathe words of gentle cheer,
Hope point to roses blowing near
And tender love and friends sincere
Make this a blessed Christmas!

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder Francis Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers:

Charles A. Walizer et ux to Laura I. Gallagher tract of land in Howard Boro.; \$500.

Edwin F. Garman et al Adms. to August Glinz tract of land in Bellefonte \$25,000.

Geo. R. Meek et al to Julia C. Harvey tract of land in State College \$1.

Gamma Phi Chapter etc., to Julia C. Harvey tract of land in State College \$1500.

Lehigh Valley Coal Co? to George Kluba tract of land in Snow Shoe Twp. \$112.50.

Lehigh Valley Coal Co. to Mike Plasnovitch tract of land in Snow Shoe Twp. \$90.75.

Robert Cook Jr et ux to Penna. Railroad Co. tract of land in Howard Twp. \$3525.67.

Hannah McCumings et al to Mary E. Hays tract of land in Howard Boro. \$110.

Jackson Kline et ux to Penna. Railroad Co. tract of land in Howard Twp. \$2000.

Martin L. Miller Dead.

At 3.30 o'clock last Wednesday afternoon Martin Luther Miller died at his home at Baileyville, after a protracted illness from a complication of diseases. He was aged 69 years on the 14th of March last. Deceased was a native of Centre county and for years followed the occupation of a woodsman. For the past four years, however, he had been incapacitated. He was married in 1867 to Miss Emma L. Craige, of Altoona, who survives with these children: A. L. N. B., Myra C., of Altoona, and Calvin C., of Pittsburgh. He also leaves one sister, Mrs. Lizzie Grazier, of Warriorsmark. He was a member of the Presbyterian church of Upper Spruce Creek valley. He also served his country in the Civil war. The funeral was held Friday morning at 10.30 o'clock. Interment in Graysville cemetery.

Harry Fike Dead.

After an illness of less than twenty-four hours, Harry Fike died at 1 o'clock last Saturday afternoon at his late home beyond Roopsburg. He had been troubled with asthma for some years but was apparently about as well as usual on Friday, when he was taken suddenly ill and died on the following day. Funeral services were held from the late home on Monday morning at 10 o'clock, conducted by Rev. Mr. Johnston and C. C. Shuey. Deceased was aged 52 years. He is survived by a widow and several children, also by two brothers, Wesley, of near Roopsburg, and Harvey, of Bellefonte.

Thad S. Keating Dead.

Thad S. Keating, of Osceola, a former resident of Phillipsburg and a well-known railroad engineer, died in McGirk's sanitarium at Phillipsburg on Tuesday of last week. His death was due to Bright's disease. During the Civil war the deceased served with Company M, 22d Penna. Cavalry. He was a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and also was a member of the Tyrone lodge of Elks.

Redeem Excursion Tickets.

To make it as convenient as possible for passengers to redeem unused railroad tickets, the Pennsylvania Railroad has established a rule which provides that the return portion of an excursion ticket may be redeemed at the ticket office at which it was bought, if presented by the original purchaser.

Until recently, if one wished to redeem any Pennsylvania Railroad ticket, it was necessary to forward it to the General Passenger Agent at Philadelphia, with attendant delay. On August 7th, the Company announced that, to make it more convenient for passengers to redeem railroad tickets, it had established a rule that a wholly unused ticket might be redeemed by the original purchaser at the office at which it was bought. Now this privilege will be extended to passengers holding unused return portions of excursion tickets.

May Build Creamery.

The project to organize a co-operative creamery at Centre Hall, which has been under way for some time, has recently encountered obstacles which will probably necessitate a change in plans. It was proposed renting the idle creamery building at Centre Hall, but a rental of \$250 per year and a five years lease was exacted by the owners. The latter demand was rejected and it is now proposed building a modern creamery on the grounds of the Grange Park. If this plan materializes it is expected that funds will be furnished by the Centre County Pomona Grange on a co-operative basis.

Underwent Operation.

Frederick, the young son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry McCoy, of Osceola, was operated on for appendicitis at the Phillipsburg hospital, on Monday.

Bellefonte Markets.

Corrected by the John Meese store.
Eggs, per dozen.....40
Butter, per pound.....35

Bellefonte Grain Market.

Corrected by Garmble, Gheen & Co.
Wheat, white or mixed.....38
Wheat, red.....36
Corn, yellow (per bu.).....40
Corn, ears (per bu.).....40
Oats, (per bu.).....40
Rye, (per bu.).....40
Barley, (per bu.).....35
Buckwheat, (per bu.).....30

IT PAYS TO

DO YOUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING EARLY

Buy practical gifts such as "Choice Perfumes"

"Toilet Water" "Comb and Brush Sets," "Pocket Books" "Hot Water Bags" a box of fine Writing Paper—We have many such things that we would be glad to show you—Come in and see us.

GREEN'S PHCY. CO.

The Rexall Store

Public Sale!

Notice is hereby given that in accordance with the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act relating to the liens of common carriers, and others," approved December 14, 1863, the Bellefonte Central Railroad Station or Depot in the Village of Coleville, Spring Township, Centre County, Pennsylvania, on Saturday, December 20, 1913 at ten o'clock A. M., a certain lot of old magazines containing about seven and one-half tons, being merchandise held for costs and expenses of carriage, storage and labor bestowed thereon, payment of which has been refused by the owners and consignees thereof, which said goods were consigned by the Capital City Junk Company, of Harrisburg, Pa., to the Watervliet Paper Company, Watervliet, Michigan, and by the latter Company reconsigned to the Capital City Junk Company, State College, Pa.

Terms: Cash
BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY, Bellefonte, Pa.

Court Proclamation!

Whereas the Honorable Ellis L. Orvis, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 40th Judicial District, consisting of the county of Centre, having issued his precept, bearing date the 13th day of October 1913, to me directed for holding a Court of Common Pleas Orphans' Court, Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the FIRST MONDAY OF DECEMBER,

being the first day of December, 1913, and to continue two weeks.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Corner Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the first, with their records, inquisitions, examinations and their own memoranda, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances, to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the fall of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

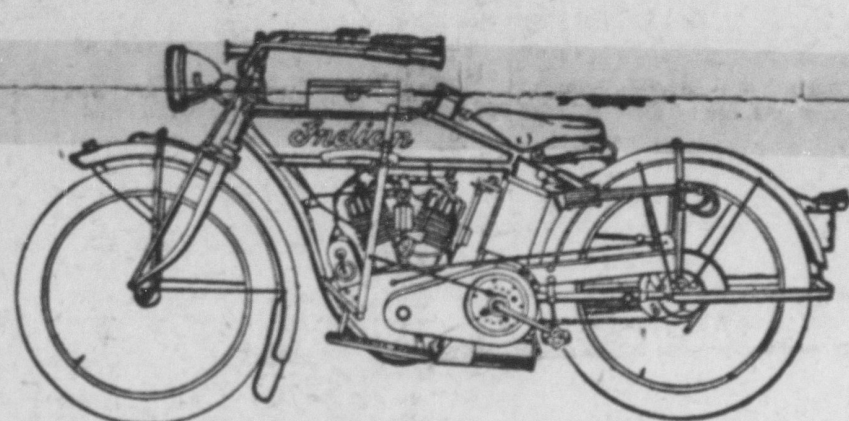
Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 28th day of October in the year of our Lord, 1913, and the one hundred and thirty-seventh year of the Independence of the United States of America.

ARTHUR B. LEE, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa. Sheriff.

Read 'The Republican' \$1 a year in advance.

38 Betterments in 1914 Indian Motorcycles



Complete electrification of the motorcycle is successfully accomplished for the first time in the 1914 Indian models, which include an electric starter, electric lights, electric signal, and rear drive speedometer, as the leading features among 38 betterments incorporated in this famous make for the coming season. In addition to being the pioneer exponent of the electrically equipped motorcycle, the Indian also is the first to carry as standard equipment, such a complete assortment of the very latest accessories. By these two tremendous forward steps, the Indian maintains easily its pride of place as the long recognized fashion arbiter of the industry.

The Indian Electric Starter.

In the development of a successful electric starter for arduous motorcycle service, the Indian engineers equalled their great triumph of 1913—the Cradle Spring Frame. The Indian electric starter is a powerful, multipolar type, motor-generator, small, neat and compact. It is mounted on the left side of the engine, and always is connected with it. Therefore, should the rider stall the engine in traffic, or on a crossing, it can instantly be restarted by throwing a switch, which brings the starter into action.

Another decided advantage of the Indian Electric starter is its high operating speed, spinning the engine at 500 r. p. m., so that the latter begins firing very quickly after cranking commences, and effecting a saving in battery current. As soon as the engine begins running, the starter automatically becomes a generator, and renews the energy taken from the batteries, for starting, lighting, signaling and ignition.

The battery equipment consists of two sets of specially constructed, high capacity units. Injury which might be caused by too rapid charging, or overcharging, is prevented by a magnetic

current regulator placed in the feed line. An automatic cut-out prevents the batteries discharging through the starter. Leakage of battery solution is prevented by special design vents, the construction of which is patented.

The Indian 1914 line consists of seven solo models, a side car and a quick delivery van. All machines will be chain driven, and six models will mount twin engines of seven horse-power. As 90 per cent. of the Indian output of 35,000 machines in 1913 was composed of twins, it is anticipated by the Hendee Manufacturing Company that no less than 98 per cent. of the tremendous output of 60,000 Indians, for 1914 will be required to meet the overwhelming popular demand for twin models. Befitting its name the 1914 Indian will, as usual, be finished in red only.

Other 1914 Improvements.

Other prominent features of the new models are: strengthened frames and forks with drop forged fittings throughout, longer wheelbase, more secure engine fastening, new cam design, giving increase in power, heavier motor shafts and inlet valve rocker arm mechanism, new trussed handlebar with reversible binder post, heavier driving members of two-speed gear and improved change gear control, larger tires, new padded saddles, new channel steel rear stand, new luggage carrier, new metal tool box with large capacity and spring lock.

Always foremost in the rendering of prompt and efficient mechanical service to Indian owners, the Indian organization has perfected plans whereby Indian users exclusively, wherever they may be located, will enjoy overnight service the coming season. Seven American branches and 2,500 dealers will enable the Indian mounted motorcyclist in 1914 to command 24 hours service, the quickest and most complete ever offered the legions of motorcyclists.

HENRY T. NOLL, Dealer.

Pleasant Gap,

Penna.

Tom's Christmas Gift

A Tale That Will Interest Children

By F. A. MITCHEL

On Christmas eve little Tommy Irwin went upstairs to bed in a very excited state of mind. He had been given to understand that he was to have something far above the ordinary toys and candies which children expect on that great occasion. While his mother was helping him to undress, notwithstanding the fact that she had assured him that to know what this special gift would be would spoil it all, he plied her with questions concerning it. "Is it made of wood or of metal?" "Is it soft?" "Is it hard?" "Is it on wheels, or does it stand on legs?" His mother was obliged to confess that it stood on legs. "Is it a hobbyhorse?" "Is it a woolly lamb that will bleat when you bend its head?" "Is it a music box?"

These questions being answered in the negative, when Tommy had got into his pajamas his mother told him that he must ask no more of them, but kneel and say his prayers. He obeyed, but tacked on to his prayer a request that he might know at once what his Christmas present was to be.

The morning light was coming in through the windows when Tommy lay dreaming. He dreamed that the family were all in the breakfast room looking at that wonderful gift he was to receive. It was a toy dog. It stood on a table, and all of a sudden it began to bark. Then it ran around on the table just like a real live dog.

What a wonderful thing to see a toy dog that would run about and bark! Tommy could hardly believe his senses. Then all of a sudden he was awakened by the sound of a dog's bark—a real bark this time, not one in a dream.

Tommy took in a great deal at once. He saw all the stockings bulging with what Santa Claus could get into them and the mantel covered with what he could not get into them. And while Tom was looking at those things he was thinking of the toy dog he had dreamed about that had barked and run around, and he wished that when he went downstairs into the dining room he should find just such a Christmas gift.

"Yerp!" Tommy's eyes opened wide with surprise and anticipation. Surely that was a bark, a real bark, from a real dog. He had heard it with his own real live ears. He listened, hoping that he would hear it again.

And presently he did. In one jump he landed on the floor. Could it be possible that a real live dog was downstairs and that it was to be his Christmas gift? As he was in his pajamas, without shoes or stockings, he ran downstairs and, bursting into the dining room, stood for a few moments with eyes as big as saucers. There stood a little dog, staring at him just as he was staring at the dog. It was a puppy, about eighteen inches long and a foot high, of the hunter breed, with a pointed nose, long ears, slender legs and an eye almost as intelligent as Tom's.

Being satisfied that Tommy was his friend, he made several jumps and landed in the boy's arms. Tommy's father was sitting before a blazing coal fire reading the morning paper. "Oh, papa," cried the child, "is he mine?"

"Yes, Tommy, he's yours. He's your Christmas gift from mamma and me."

"Oh, my! How I love him!" He hugged him, he petted him, he caressed him in all those ways a child will caress a pet, now and again stopping to exclaim, "He's mine, all mine!"

It was impossible to persuade Tom to go back to his room to be dressed without the dog, so the dog was taken upstairs, Tommy carrying him in his arms. In his chamber Tom put him down on the bed and covered him up so that he wouldn't be cold, for the room was chilly, but the dog wouldn't stay there, and, jumping down, ran about the room.

The other children were rifling the stockings they had taken from the mantel, plunging their little fists down into them and tugging at articles that were not fitted to go into a stocking. But Tom paid no attention to the children or the stockings or what was being taken out. He had a live toy, and the inanimate ones did not interest him. What was a jack-in-the-box or a magic lantern compared with a real beautiful dog that he could hug and run with, that would bark and stand on his hind legs with his fore paws up against his master?

Tom's mother had a hard time dressing him. With one leg in his trousers, he must hug his dog; with one arm in a sleeve of his jacket, he must pet him; while his hair was being brushed he must take the brush from his mother and smooth his dog's coat. But all things have an end, and in time the family—now added to by a dog—gathered in the dining room for breakfast. Tom insisted on giving his part of the meal to the dog, but his mother assured him that only special food could as yet go down that precious throat.

No sooner was breakfast over than a family conference was held as to what Tom's dog should be named. While suggestions were in order, it was un-

derstood that the final decision should rest with Tom. He thought that Nebuchadnezzar would be a good name, but his father said it was rather a long name for so small a dog—indeed, it was quite long enough for a St. Bernard.

The usual names for dogs, Watch, Carlo, Hector and the like, were suggested and turned down. Zip and Trip were discussed, and it seemed that the choice would lie between the two, but when Tom was called on for a decision he would have neither of them.

"What are you going to name him, Tommy?" asked Mr. Irwin.

"Nebuchadnezzar."

"Why, Tommy, dear," interposed his mother, "in speaking of the dog we'll spend all our time on his name."

"So we will," put in his father. "I'll say, 'Tommy, how is Nebuchadnezzar today?' and you'll answer, 'Nebuchadnezzar is very well, thank you.' Don't you see how hard that would be to speak?"

"It won't be hard at all," grunted Tom. "We can call him Neb for short."

"So we can," chimed in the mother. "How stupid not to have thought of that!"

Tom thus assumed command of his dog the very morning he got him and kept it as long as Neb lived. No interference was permitted, except with regard to the dog's diet, for Tom was assured that if Neb were fed on mince pie or plum pudding or even roast beef he would die. So he graciously permitted his mother to make up the pet's meals for him. Neb grew up to be quite a large animal, and though he was lost several times, he always came back, and every time he returned Tom loved him better than before.

Neb came to be quite useful. In the first place, the Irwin family lived in the country, and the children were obliged to walk a mile over a lonely road to school. Neb was sent with them and waited at the schoolhouse door for them to come out and escorted them home. He seemed to know that it was his business to protect them, and whenever they met any ill favored person on the road Tom was obliged to hold on to Neb's collar to prevent his making an attack. Sometimes Tom was obliged to exercise all his authority to prevent the dog's biting some one who was innocent of all intent to do the children harm.

Tommy returned from school one day feeling ill. His mother put him to bed, and the next morning, the child being no better, a doctor was sent for. By this time Tommy was covered with a rash, and the doctor said he had scarlet fever. The little patient was kept in bed, and a great fear came upon the family, for scarlet fever is a very insidious disease.

Neb had been used to being allowed to go up to Tom's room every morning to see his master before he arose. He would jump on the bed and founce about, much delighted. But when the morning after Tom was taken ill came and the dog was not permitted to go upstairs he began to fret.

Tom grew worse every day, and Neb seemed to know that something was the matter. Finally there came a crisis, and Tom hung between life and death. The household were so absorbed in the child's critical condition that they did not pay any attention to Neb, who went upstairs and lay at the door of the sick chamber. In the middle of the night Tom heard his dog moan, raising himself, he said:

"Neb!" Neb heard him and before he could be stopped ran into the room and jumped on to the bed. From that moment Tom began to get well. It was not long before he had completely recovered, and he and Neb loved each other better than ever.

One day it was noticed that Neb was acting strangely. Mr. Irwin was advised of the fact and looked the dog over. He poked at Neb with a stick, and the dog, that had always been perfectly good natured under any provoking, snapped at the stick viciously. Then he began to foam at the mouth.

Mr. Irwin began to fear that the dog was suffering with incipient hydrophobia and decided that he must be killed. He shut Neb up in the cellar and told his wife that she had better break the news to Tom. This was a sad duty for the mother to perform, for she knew that Neb's death would well nigh break her boy's heart. She took him on her lap and told him what had happened and what a frightful misfortune it would be if Neb should bite any one. Besides, if the dog were permitted to die of the disease he would suffer great agony, whereas if he were shot he would be saved all this.

The tears rolled down Tom's cheeks as his mother conveyed this information. He put his arms about her neck, but said nothing. Presently he went away by himself into his room and locked the door. His mother had not told him when Neb was to be killed, but he inferred that it was to be very soon. He had not been long in his room when he heard an explosion. Then he knew that he had lost Neb forever.

Neb was buried in a corner of the yard, and Mr. Irwin, on Tom's account, had "Nebuchadnezzar" cut in a piece of marble he found in an out-house on the place and set it up over the grave. Tom is now a man, but he has never forgotten Neb. One thing especially about his dog he would like to forget, but he is unable to do so—that is, the explosion he heard when Neb was shot. It was one of the events of his childhood that made an indelible impression upon him. In the morning, in the evening, lying awake at midnight, he will hear that muffled sound which parted him from the friend who came to him on Christmas day.

The Christmas House

The Story of How It Received Its Name

By CLARISSA MACKIE

In the sixth year of their happy married life the days fell upon the Thurstons. Mark's long illness, the consequent loss of his position and his inability to secure work of any sort finally resulted in the sale of their household effects and in giving up the few rooms they called home.

The day before Christmas actual winter stared them in the face. Mark had placed the trunks that contained their few effects in a storage warehouse, and now, hampered only by a couple of traveling bags, they faced each other in the waiting room of the railroad station. It was warm in there, and they had no place to call home. Little four-year-old Teddy sat down on the leather suit case and swung his fat legs with careless indifference to the fact that his unhappy young parents had sold his crib and that it was very uncertain where he would lay his sunny head that night—that night of all nights, when little children hasten to bed so that they may awake betimes to discover the gifts of Santa Claus.

Editha turned her pale little face to the worn and haggard countenance of her husband.

"Mark, what shall we do?" she whispered tensely.

Mark's lips tightened. "I've got exactly \$3.45," he said grimly. "One dollar of that I will spend on railroad tickets to take us out of this merciless city. The rest we will need when we get there."

"Get where, Mark?"

"Get to Rosedale. You remember that my Uncle Phineas lives there."

"But, Mark, dear! Your Uncle Phineas treated you cruelly when you were a boy. You said you would never appeal to him!"

"Dear," said Mark gravely, "there are situations before which pride and resentment melt like snow under a scorching sun."

Once in the train the Thurstons looked drearily out of the windows at the bare brown earth overhung by lowering gray clouds from which the snow was drifting in scattering flakes. It was growing colder, and the passengers in the coach talked about the delights of a cold and snowy Christmas, while the children chattered about the gifts they expected from Santa Claus or the meeting with cousins or grandparents. Every one was participating in a joyous Yuletide.

"Rosedale!" shouted the brakeman.

The Thurstons left the train and watched the long string of cars as it wound out of sight around a distant bend. Then they turned their faces to the bleak little station, the empty platform and the pine clad hills that surrounded the little village.

"The place is not far from here," said Mark as he picked up the bags. "Can you walk a little way, Teddy, boy?"

"Course I can," assured Teddy importantly as he gripped his mother's hand.

The three stepped along the road, now covered with a filmy veil of white. Woods stretched on either side of them until suddenly they came upon a great open space where there was set a long, low, old fashioned house. The gates were closed, the wooden shutters covered the windows, and an air of desolation pervaded the place.

"Wait here," said Mark to his wife, and he went through the gateway and around the house to the back door. After awhile he came back.

"The house is empty," he said slowly. "A card on the back door says that my uncle is spending the winter in the city with his daughter. Come, let us move on."

They dragged their way wearily through the snow until they came to another house. This was a large, square, comfortable looking habitation, and the red rays of the declining sun turned the windowpanes into glowing flames that gave the place an air of delicious warmth and welcome.

"What a pleasant house," said Editha involuntarily.

"Yes," murmured Mark indifferently. "It's the old Patton place."

Editha lingered by the gate. She glanced at the four great chimneys and saw that there was no smoke coming from them. The shades in some of the rooms were drawn closely, and the house appeared to be untenanted.

"Wait a moment, Mark," she cried suddenly, and before he could question her intention she had sped up the path and disappeared around the corner of the house.

Presently she appeared with rosy cheeks and shining eyes.

"Come, Mark," she said, with decision; "this is where we are going to spend Christmas."

Mark stared. "What do you mean?" he asked.

"I mean that the people have gone away, the house is closed, and—oh, Mark, there is no place for us to spend Christmas, and our baby is cold and needs rest. Can't you understand? Let us stay here over Christmas. Surely the people who live here cannot be so stony hearted that they would deny us warmth and shelter. We can buy our own food, surely, surely!" Her voice broke suddenly.

A new look came into Mark's eyes, the fierce look of a wild animal when the safety of its family is threatened. "Come," he said sharply; "it is an opportunity we must not miss."

The desolate little family went up the path and around to a door set in the high basement.

All around the house the snow fell softly like a friendly covering to hide their telltale footprints.

Four hours later a motorcar glided noiselessly up to the gate of the mansion, and a tall man alighted and spoke to the chauffeur.

"That will do, Roberts. I shall not need your assistance tonight. I will telephone you in the morning if I require your services. A merry Christmas to you."

"Thank you, Mr. Bradnard. I wish you many of them," returned the man eagerly. "But can't I make you a fire or something?"

"Nothing at all, my man. I shall go directly to bed, and Wakeman will be here at 9 o'clock." He pressed a large gold piece into the gloved hand of the chauffeur, and, avoiding the man's grateful acknowledgment, Mr. Bradnard went up the front steps and quietly let himself into the dark hall.

For a moment he closed his eyes and permitted wave after wave of tender memories to sweep over his soul, leaving sickening pain in their wake. Time had been when he had had wife and children, when Christmas had been the most joyful anniversary of the entire year. Now riches were his in abundance, but wife and children had been swept away. He was quite alone in the world. He had given lavishly to charity this Yuletide, and now he had crept back to this house of his to spend a solitary Christmas with the memories of his beloved.

A deep sigh escaped him, and he turned to go upstairs when his eyes glanced down the length of the dark hall and rested on a bar of yellow light that shone under the dining room door. "Intruders," he muttered grimly, and, gripping his cane more firmly, he turned into the darkened drawing room and approached the lighted room by another way.

From the back drawing room double doors led into the dining room, and presently Paul Bradnard was standing before the wide crack between the sliding doors and looking in on a strange scene.

It was a singular scene because it was so unexpected in this house that had been given over to ghostly memories.

A fire burned in the wide grate, and the glowing coal threw a ruddy glow over the room that was lighted by one small kitchen lamp placed unobtrusively in a corner. From the unheated place there hung a child's little white stocking. Before the fire was a small table, and sitting there, partaking of plain bread and milk, were three people—a haggard young man, who looked as though he needed a juicy beefsteak to strengthen his gaunt frame; a pretty, careworn little woman almost a girl in years, and a beautiful four-year-old boy with a tuft of yellow hair like that of his own little dog of long ago.

What were these people doing here—here, where he had expected only gloom and cheerlessness? Here there were light and warmth, and the spirit of Christmas pervaded the little group.

It looked very much as though they were attempting, in a feeble way, to celebrate the birth of the Christ Child.

Bradnard stood there a long time. At last he rolled the door aside and entered the dining room.

At once the intruders were hushed into fear stricken silence.

"I did not expect guests," said Bradnard with grave courtesy.

Mark Thurston arose and broke into hurried explanations. He took all the blame upon his shoulders, although Editha explained that it was all her plan. Teddy Thurston smiled upon the strange gentleman and slipped a chubby hand into Bradnard's.

Bradnard held it tightly, and its warmth seemed to penetrate his very being. A molting tenderness possessed him. Out of a bleak world God had sent him these people who needed him, needed what he could give to them, what would save them—a father, a mother and a little child. He bowed his head a moment, and his lips moved.

"I am glad you came," he said warmly. "I expected to spend a lonely Christmas. You have saved the day for me. But it will never do to have a lean Christmas, we who have just found each other. I will telephone for the motorcar, and perhaps you will all come with me to the village and do some Christmas marketing and shopping."

He spoke almost gaily as he tossed Teddy into the air.

The astonished Roberts brought the car around, and Mr. Bradnard and his unexpected guests entered and were whisked away to the little village, where they spent two happy hours. Long after midnight Editha Thurston and her husband helped Mr. Bradnard fill Teddy's diminutive stockings and trim a tiny tree for the little boy sleeping upstairs in a big, warm bed.

It was a beautiful Christmas for everybody. Mr. Bradnard declared that the day had brought him something to live for; Editha cried over the soft, warm furs Mr. Bradnard had hurriedly chosen from the village store; Mark rejoiced in a fur lined overcoat as well as the promise of a position as resident secretary with Paul Bradnard, and little Teddy declared that their kind host must be Santa Claus himself.

And ever after that all of them called the place the "Christmas House." "Because," said Mr. Bradnard reverently, "it brought peace and joy and good will to all of us."

Thanks Giving

to our many customers who in us their valued patron—age have

enabled us to give the people of this county an absolutely up-to-date and thoroughly equipped Jewelry Store. Competent in every branch and able to supply your greatest and smallest needs.

F. P. BLAIR & SON

Jewelers and Opticians

Bellefonte,

Pa.

Origin of the Dead Letter Office.

"What was the reason for our office getting its name of the dead letter office, as it is often called?" said an official in the returned letter office. "Well, it was originally started in order to return to the senders all letters, etc., addressed to people who turned out to be dead. The need for such an arrangement became evident from the number of valuable missives contained in such missives, and that the old tradition still lingers in the department is evident from the fact that the bags containing returned letters are black in color."

"Yes, there are people who imagine us to be mysteriously connected with death itself, and some time back we received a peculiar letter from one of them. Within a week of having a letter returned to her a certain person living in the same house had died, and consequently the writer, evidently associating her friend's death directly with us, begged us in future never to send back letters again, but to burn them instead."—London Answers.

The Bridal Veil.

The bridal veil is evidently of eastern origin, being a relic of the bride canopy held over the heads of the bride and bridegroom. Among the Anglo-Saxons a similar custom existed, but if the bride was a widow it was dispensed with. According to Sarum usage, a fine linen cloth was laid upon the heads of the bride and bridegroom and was not removed until the benediction had been said. The old British custom was to use nature's veil unadorned—that is, the long hair of the bride, which was worn by all brides, royal, noble and simple. Only then did every one behold the tresses of maidenhood in their entirety and for the last time, as after marriage they were neatly dressed on the head. Among some the tresses were cut and carefully stowed away on a woman becoming a wife. It was customary in Russia for village brides to shear their locks on returning from church.—Family Doctor.

Size of Queensland.

To give some idea of the size of Australia, Queensland alone is half as big again as Germany, Austria and Hungary put together. Its area is 688,495 square miles.

When Rubbers Become Necessary.

And your shoes pinch, Allen's Foot Ease, the Antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, is just the thing to use. Always use it for breaking in new shoes. Sold everywhere, 25c. Sample free. Address, A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y. Don't accept any substitute. Adv't.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY PILLS

For Backache, Kidneys and Bladder

Stop That Itch!

I will guarantee you to stop that itch in two seconds.

No remedy that I have ever sold for Eczema, Psoriasis, and all other diseases of the skin has given more thorough satisfaction than the

D. D. D. Prescription for Eczema

I guarantee this remedy.

GREEN'S PHARMACY CO.

Good Things to Eat

will hold no joys for you if you have indigestion or any STOMACH, LIVER or KIDNEY trouble. You need not pay big doctor's bills, but if you suffer from any of these ailments just step into your nearest drugist and get a 50 cent bottle of SEVEN BARKS, the great household remedy, the finest tonic and blood purifier known. If your system is run down and you want to regain your youthful energy, SEVEN BARKS will accomplish it, make your food digest and give you new life. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Try it and enjoy your meals. Address LYMAN BROWN, 68 Murray St., New York, N.Y.

The Main Thing About FIRE INSURANCE

Is carrying a sufficient amount of money to really protect your property for after a fire one can only accept the result.

Better see to it that you are fully insured and in a company celebrated for prompt payment of losses; a good reliable company the only kind represented by us.

Also represent The Preferred Accident Insurance company of New York, which issues \$5,000 Travel Policy at \$12.00 per year.

Harry E. Fenlon

Temple Court - - - Bellefonte, Pa.

Real Estate Bought and Sold, RENTS COLLECTED.



A Big Bundle of Currency

is a pretty dangerous thing to display or to be known to be about you. But a check book of this institution is never a temptation to violence. It is of no use except to the owner. Why not carry such a check book instead of the dangerous cash. Some murdered men would still be living if they had followed that prudent plan.

Bellefonte Trust Company.

Allegheny Street,

Bellefonte, Pa.

THE TWISTED VINE

A Story of the Orinoco

By CLARISSA MACKIE

It was very quiet in that jungle along the upper reaches of the Orinoco river.

Charles Goodell, orchid hunter for a rich Philadelphia collector, stood on the high bank of the river and looked longingly up at the cluster of mauve orchids clinging to the top of a rotten tree trunk that overhung the river. It was a lofty tree, and, towed with disease and age, it bent its head, decked with the delicate butterfly blossoms, over the stiller river that it would bridge when it crashed down in the hurricane season.

Goodell's Carib Indians had refused to climb the tree and were now squatting sullenly around a little fire on which a bird was cooking.

The mauve orchids tempted Goodell beyond discretion. He decided to mount the tree and secure them himself, although he knew the risk he ran in doing so.

If the tree should fall under his weight he would be flung into the river, a prey to the vicious alligators or the venomous snakes that abounded.

But the securing of this particular specimen would not only be a triumph, but it meant a liberal sum of money added to the store he was saving up for a home and the girl he expected to make his wife on his return.

He had examined the orchid through his fieldglasses, and he was convinced that it was the long lost specimen that Mr. Clay, his employer, had offered \$10,000 for. There were the delicate mauve outer leaves with the hearts of flaming crimson and orange, with marvelous stripings of black.

There were two ways of reaching the mauve orchids. One was to climb the tree trunk with the risk of weighing it down to destruction when he reached the upper part. This way was hindered by a tangle of great vines that



THE BULLET WENT OVER ITS HEAD.

must be cut through with a machete before he could reach the coveted prize.

The other way was to climb up the great twisted vine that hung downward from the very point where the orchids clung to the tree. The vine swung almost within his reach now, and its lower end touched the surface of the water.

"The twisted vine," he decided at last, and, tossing aside his hat, he pulled on heavy gauntlets, saw that his leather puttees covered every exposed portion of his lower limbs and took hold of the twisted vine.

His Indians gathered around the tree with the eager curiosity of children in the performance of his difficult feat. As he pulled himself up by the strength of his massive arms and shoulders his legs and feet were twined about the thick vine.

Suddenly the Indians uttered shrill cries of alarm and disappeared in the jungle.

Goodell, glancing down, saw nothing to frighten them, and, noting that his specimens were safe, went stolidly up on his perilous climb; the vine swayed now and then under his weight, but its upper tendrils appeared to be firmly fastened to the tree trunk, while its roots were strongly entrenched in the river bottom.

Goodell did not know when he felt a change in the character of the vine up which he was climbing with the orchids ever growing nearer to his eager touch.

First the twisted vine had been slightly rough, but its bark appeared to be smooth now, sometimes almost slippery to the touch, and once Goodell would have sworn that it moved. But it was cold and clammy. Once his face touched it, and he drew back with a feeling of sickening revulsion. He felt faint and dizzy, and he closed his eyes.

When he opened them again it was to confront the real horror of the situation.

No wonder his Carib had fled in

terror. Later they would come back, peering fearfully to gain possession of the specimen cases because their employer would never need them again.

The heavy vine twisted upward to the orchids now only fifteen feet above his head. He looked at them with starting eyes because swaying above them was the monstrous, threatening head of a boa constrictor whose great body was twined around the vine to which he clung.

How his keen eyes had failed to detect the body of the great snake as it twisted up and around the large trunk of the giant vine he never knew.

Death stared him in the face. If he dropped into the river the monster's tail could catch him ere he fell, and failing in that, the deadly water serpents would put him out of existence.

Already the body moved sluggishly, but his fascinated eyes did not leave the hideous head among the orchids. The flat eyes regarded him with cold hatred; the ugly mouth grinned.

He heard the distant shouts of his Indians. Even if they had come to him they could not help him.

His first downward movement would be the signal for the beginning of the end.

He closed his eyes and prayed. He thought of his mother and of Alice Blake, the girl he was to marry.

His grip loosened on the twisted vine, so dreadfully imbued with life; his feet slipped.

The vine moved.

He looked up and saw that the ugly head was lowered.

Again he slipped down and again the vine moved.

Cold sweat broke out on his body and his face dripped.

Now he bent his body and looked down at the tail of the serpent. It had loosened from the vine and was moving to and fro like the pendulum of a clock.

Death above and death below! Well, he would die fighting.

His hand found his revolver, and he wriggled around until he could see the head again.

It had flattened itself among the orchids and was regarding him coldly as before. He would wait until it lifted again, and when its throat was presented to view he would try to blow the head off. It would be difficult at that distance with a single shot, and the death agonies of the reptile might involve his own death.

Goodell closed his eyes again and muttered a prayer as the strongest men do in moments of danger. The head was lifting again and resumed its swaying movement. Higher, higher it went, until the mottled throat was revealed.

Spat!

The bullet went over its head. His arm was unsteady; he must try again. Again he raised the automatic revolver, and again it sounded on the heavy jungle air.

Spat!

The head of the reptile wagged violently and all outlines were lost as the bullet found its mark. The great body trembled violently, the tail lashed to and fro, and the vine slipped downward.

Charles Goodell slipped down; his eyes ever on the horrid specter of the descending head.

Once he glanced below and saw that the tail was lashing the water. He took courage and slipped farther down. The great body of the dying reptile came down with him.

Three feet above the river bank he could stand the horror no longer, and he dropped, clutching at a young green vine that swung harmlessly near.

The green vine held and broke his fall. He swung violently to and fro, and when a favorable opportunity presented itself he loosened his hold and fell upon the ground close beside his heap of specimen cases. Then he fainted away for the first time in his adventurous life.

He recovered consciousness almost immediately, for the shots had brought back his frightened Indians, and they gathered about him with scared looks and pointing fingers.

He took out his emergency flask and restored in a measure his shattered nerves. He sent them to the river to look at the dead carcass of the boa constrictor, but always they came back and gazed at him as though upon a spirit from another world.

Looking at his watch, he found that three hours had passed since he had climbed the twisted vine. It had seemed like fifteen minutes. No wonder he felt like an old man under the consuming fear of those three horrible hours.

The continued wonder of his guides excited his impatience, and he drew out a pocket mirror and looked at himself.

His face peered at him pale and haggard. His abundant hair was white as snow.

The wondering Indians now climbed the tree without protest, and the mauve orchids which had blanchied Goodell's hair to obtain were packed away in the specimen cases, and the little expedition turned down the river.

Many weeks later Charles Goodell appeared in Philadelphia and delivered his consignment of valuable orchids to his employer. But the case of mauve orchids came last.

"How about these?" demanded Mr. Clay eagerly.

"Those," said Goodell slowly, "are the price of my nerve and a portion of my youth. I shall never hunt another orchid, Mr. Clay. The price of the mauve orchids is \$25,000."

"I will pay it," said the rich man quickly, "and afterward you may tell me the reason why you value them so highly."

So Charles Goodell told him the story of the twisted vine as I have told it to you.

Auto-Hallucination.

Answering the question "Will you please explain how a person is lifted by four persons placing their fingers under his shoulders and legs by means of slight lifting force at time of inhaling a long breath by each person and by the person about to be lifted?" Edgar Lucien Larkin in the New York American says:

"I have been asked this question many times. If a person actually has been lifted and those doing the lifting think that the 'law of gravity is partially suspended' then the lifters are under self hallucination or auto suggestion in so far as their impression of lifting is concerned. They actually lift far more than they think, but they will not admit this, as they are partially self hallucinated in the belief that the body of the person will rise. And if they really succeed in lifting the man two inches they think it a feat. Auto hallucination is a remarkable mentalological phenomenon and is now being studied by mentalists here and in Europe with minute care and research."

Foolishness of Betting.

Being firmly convinced that a certain contest would terminate in conformity with his opinions, a farmer in New York state wagered his new automobile against a wheelbarrow on the result of the contest in question—and lost. Giving up the property, he grimly trudged seven miles to his home. Probably his family noticed that he had a grudge too. Considered in the calm, clear, cold light of pure reason, the gentleman succeeded in proving himself a near relative to a California canary—otherwise known as a donkey. Had he won the bet the result would have been pretty much the same, for betting is not argument, evidence or proof of anything. It adds no force, power or dignity to any opinion or set of opinions. It is merely the outpouring of the gambling spirit, and that is a spirit that has led many a man to utter beggary who might have adorned a home and ornamented a community. —Detroit Free Press.

A Tall Story.

The long bearded man we know is our friend H. Bingham Palmer. He can take steps above five feet long, in spite of which he is devoted to horseback riding.

One day he came into the office to see a friend, and we noticed that he

"What?" was asked sympathetically. "None accident," he answered, "answers one who doesn't care to talk about something. That aroused our curiosity, and we couldn't help showing it, probably, for he sighed and confessed:

"I was ridin' through the park Monday, and I was just ridin' along and ridin' along and not thinkin' of any thing in particular, and my foot slipped out of the stirrup."

"Well?"

"Well, the darn horse stepped on it!" —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Dirigible Balloons.

The dirigible balloon is by no means a modern invention, as many people seem to think. As a matter of fact, as long ago as 1784 General Meusnier proposed the construction of an elongate balloon which might be propelled through the air. Experiments were made with it by two brothers named Robert, who made several ascents and attained a speed of three miles an hour though the method of propulsion was only aerial oars worked by hand. Nothing further was attempted until 1852, when Henri Giffard built dirigibles which, by means of a light steam engine, he propelled at nearly seven miles an hour, and since then various experiments have been made which ultimately ended in the wonderful triumph of Zeppelin.—New York Press.

Borax in the Laundry.

The uses of refined borax are manifold. It is infinitely better than soda for washing purposes. It may be used in the proportion of a large handful to ten gallons of boiling water, and will effect a great saving in soap. If you are about to wash delicate laces or cambric use an extra quantity of powder. The effect of borax is to soften the hardest water, and, being a neutral salt, it does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of linen or any other delicate material washed with it. —New York Globe.

Courtier and Poet.

Louis XIV., having shown Boileau some verses of his own composition, demanded his candid opinion about them.

"Sire," answered the poet, "your majesty wished to write poor lines and you did it so well that you proved that nothing is impossible to your majesty!"

Changes.

"You will admit a wise man sometimes changes his mind?" "Yes," replied Senator Sorghum. "He also changes his wardrobe. But in doing so he avoids popular attention as much as possible." —Washington Star.

Storms of Life.

As storm following storm and wave succeeding wave give additional hardness to the shell that incloses the pearl, so do the storms and waves of life add force to the character of man.

Flag Bunting Test.

The United States government's test for color in bunting is six hours' immersion in salt water and six hours' exposure to the sun.

He is not many who yields to fits of anger, but he who yields composure and wisdom. —Mar de Anandis.

A Merciful Farmer.

A young man from the city was going one summer to make her first visit to a cousin in the country. At the station she was met by the cousin, and after a half hour's drive he told her they were approaching his farm.

In one of the broad fields that met the young lady's attentive eye stood a windmill, and gathered around it, some standing and some reclining, were several hogs.

"Well, that beats anything I ever heard of!" exclaimed the fair one. "I didn't know that you farmers were so considerate."

"What does?" queried the country cousin.

"That over yonder," replied the city girl, pointing a pretty finger. "Just think of having a fan out in the field to keep those hogs cool!" —Christian Endeavor World.

Courage of Despair.

Professor McCoy of Melbourne university in a book about snake experiments tells a strange story illustrating the courage of despair. Putting a mouse into a box that contained one of his captive cobras, he watched the reptile glide slowly toward it. The mouse shrank terrified into a corner, and then when the cobra's flattened head was within an inch of it it sprang into the air and alighted on the back of the neck of its foe. It sat there and clinched its sharp little teeth in the reptile's flesh. The cobra could not shake it off, and it bit deeper and deeper until the cobra lay dead.

An Irish Bull.

An Irishman was trying to lead a bull. He tied the rope to his wrist, and the bull took the lead. He took it with a vengeance. As the Irishman was flying around the corner a friend shouted, "Where are you going, Pat?" "I don't know," he replied. "Ask the bull." —Exchange.

Spoiling Good Paper.

"Poetry should be written on one side of the paper, shouldn't it?" asked the budding bard.

"That depends on the poetry," replied the editor wearily. "Lots of it shouldn't be written on either side." —Philadelphia Record.

Cures While you Walk.

Use Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes instantly takes the sting out of corns itching feet, ingrowing nails, and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Ladies can wear shoes one size smaller after using. It is a certain relief for sweating, callous and swollen, tender, thing feet. Fry it to pay. Sold every where 25c. Trial package FREE Ad

BYRON W. KING'S SCHOOL OF ORATORY New Building and Dormitory.

Prepares for teaching, platform, stage. Cures stammering and other speech defects. English and Physical Culture Send for prospectus. MT. OLIVER, PITTSBURG, PA. 9-18-21.

Certainly You Want the Best Insurance

You can get for the money. Then

John F. Gray & Son

for Fire, Accident, Health, Steam Boiler, Employers Liability and Plate Glass Insurance.

OFFICE

Crider's Stone Bldg

High Street,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

A BANK BOOK

The best recommendation as to common sense you can offer is a bank book. The deposit entries therein will show how much energy, industry, and ambition you possess.

The First National Bank, Bellefonte, Penna.

Don't Forget

That our years of experience in the lumbering business from stump to building is an asset to you if you buy from us any kind of building material.

WE ARE SELLING AGENT FOR

PAROID ROOFING

which is the best we know of. Don't forget the name. There are other makes named to deceive the unwary buyer. We alone sell Paroid in Centre Co.

Something New. Hazelwood Flooring.

Ceiling, Wainscoting and Finish, ready to fill and oil. It is beautiful, valuable and durable at less cost than other and less durable wood. We also sell genuine

Red Cedar Shingles

from the Pacific Coast (Not the Michigan White Cedar.)

On same terms and conditions we will furnish building material as low or lower than the mail order houses and you will keep your money circulating at home where you may get some of it back again in course of business.

We have for sale cheap, a lot of used Machinery, Engines, etc. Also shop-soiled Sash Doors, Moulding, etc. Come or write before buying elsewhere.

P. B. CRIDER & SON.

Office, Yard and Mill at Lamb St. Bridge. Bellefonte, Pa.

Professional Cards.

Harry E. Fenlon, FIRE INSURANCE, Temple Court, Bellefonte, Pa.

A. A. Dale, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office East High St., first door above Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

H. C. Quigley, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

Harry Keller, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

Clement Dale, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office East High St., first door above Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

J. Thomas Mitchell, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office in Temple Court, South Allegheny St., Bellefonte, Pa.

Gettig, Bower & Zerby, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Practice in all the courts and collection promptly attended to. Office, Eagle Block, Bellefonte, Pa.

Central R. R. of Penna. Train Schedule.

Leave, Bellefonte for Mill Hall 7:05 A. M., 2:20 and 6:45 P. M.

Leave, Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A. M., 3:06 and 8:35 P. M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD

On and after Monday, Jan. 23th, 1901 trains will run as follows from the P. B. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

WESTWARD.	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Lv. Bellefonte.....	6:30	10:15	2:00
Coleville.....	6:35	10:20	2:07
Morris.....	6:38		2:11
Stervens.....	6:43		2:17
Hunters Park.....	6:46		2:21
Fillmore.....	6:50	10:34	2:28
Brariar.....	6:55		2:33
Waddies.....	7:00	10:45	2:38
Krumrine.....	7:12		2:50
State College.....	7:15	11:10	3:30
Strubles.....	7:17		
Bloomdorf.....	7:31		
Pine Grove Mills.....	7:35		3:40

* Daily, * Daily except Sunday, "T" Stop Bag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

EASTWARD	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Lv. Pine Grove Mills.....	7:35		3:30
Bloomdorf.....	7:40		3:35
Strubles.....	7:45		3:40
State College.....	8:00	12:00	3:50
Krumrine.....	8:07		3:58
Waddies.....	8:20	12:00	4:10
Brariar.....	8:24		4:17
Fillmore.....	8:28	12:25	4:38
Hunters Park.....	8:31		4:41
Stervens.....	8:35		4:46
Morris.....	8:37		4:48
Coleville.....	8:40	12:40	4:50
A. Bellefonte.....	8:50	12:50	4:00

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west. F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR BACKACHE, KIDNEY & BLADDER

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS, COPYRIGHTS & C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HENDRICK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Mun & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the

Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newspapers.

MUN & CO 361 Broadway, New York

Branch Office, 225 F St., Washington, D. C.

DREER'S SEEDS PLANTS BULBS

To make your garden a success, you will find an invaluable guide in

Dreer's Garden Book

An encyclopedia on gardening, of 288 pages, 1000 splendid photographs, 4 color pages and 4 duotone plates. Full directions given for growing flowers, plants, bulbs, vegetables, lawn grass and farm seeds.

Call or Write Mailed Free

HENRY A. DREER

714 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never fails to restore Gray Hair to its youthful color. Prevents hair falling. 50c and \$1.00 at Druggists.

RHEUMATISM

Promptly relieved by the

BLAIR'S PILLS

SAFE & EFFECTIVE 50c-65c

DRUGGISTS.

28 N. HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

FOLEY'S ORINO LAXATIVE

FOR STOMACH TROUBLE AND CONSTIPATION

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND.

Look! Ask your Druggist for the Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold wrapper. Take no other. They are the best. Anger, Acidity, Chills, Fever, Headache, Indigestion, Pain, etc., are cured by these pills. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

Here and There.

All coats and suits reduced in cost at A-I-K-E-N-S.—Adv.

Richard Brouse on Tuesday received a Studebaker 1914 runabout.

C. E. Blake, of Port Matilda, greeted friends in town on Monday.

Miss Sara Bogle is home from Pittsburgh to remain over Thanksgiving.

Mrs. Norris Bogle, of New York, is the guest of Mrs. Bogle, at the Forge.

J. A. Decker, of Pine Grove Mills, transacted business in town on Monday.

Miss Emma Aiken is spending ten days with Miss Henrietta Butts, in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Benjamin Bradley entertained on Tuesday afternoon in honor of her mother.

Miss Blanche Henry, of Ebensburg, arrived here on Monday to visit with the T. A. Shoemakers.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Richard will return home on Saturday, after a month's stay in Atlantic City.

Miss Marie Doll leaves on Sunday for Philadelphia, where she will enter as a nurse-in-training at St. Agnes hospital.

Walter H. Cohen, general manager of Claster's store, was a business visitor to Lock Haven and Williamsport on Tuesday.

Miss Margaret Stewart will leave tomorrow for Wilkes-Barre, where she will visit with her brother, Dr. Walter Stewart.

The Woman's Auxiliary of the Y. M. C. A. will meet in the Y. M. C. A. Building, Monday evening, December 1st, at half past seven o'clock.

Squire and Mrs. W. H. Mosser will tomorrow go to Altoona to attend the funeral of the former's brother-in-law, the late Frank B. Stover.

Mrs. Thomas King Morris and son, of Pittsburgh, are spending their Thanksgiving with Mrs. Morris' parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. Gray Meek.

Mrs. Clair B. Williams, who had been visiting here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Lyon, returned on Tuesday to her home in Jersey City, N. J.

The services in the St. John's Reformed church Sunday morning, next, at 11 o'clock, will be conducted by Rev. Dr. Beach, of the Bellefonte Academy.

Mrs. Mollie Valentine has closed her house for the winter and accompanied her sister, Mrs. E. Weatherby, to Omaha, Neb., departing on Sunday afternoon, last.

Norman Kirk returned from the West on Tuesday to visit here over Thanksgiving. Tomorrow he leaves for Florida, expecting to work there during the winter.

Mrs. Caroline Bell, of New York, is a guest of Mrs. J. A. Aiken, having stopped over here enroute home from Chicago, in which city she visited with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Schreyer.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Ward Fleming and little son, John, of Phillipsburg, are here to enjoy their Thanksgiving with Mr. Fleming's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Fleming, on Spring Street.

* Remarking that he was feeling pretty well, and certainly looking the part, G. W. Rumberger, of Unionville, was in town on Tuesday, attending to a little shopping and greeting his numerous friends.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Wallis visited here several days with the parents of Mrs. Wallis, Mr. and Mrs. J. William Conley, being enroute to their new home at Bellevue, near Pittsburgh.

Surveyor of the Port Charles R. Kurtz was one of several guests of honor at a testimonial dinner and reception for the newly appointed federal officers in Philadelphia, held on Tuesday evening in Philadelphia under the auspices of the Democratic Club of that city.

Theodore Davis Boal, of Boalsburg, was in town on Tuesday evening to attend the meetings of the Knights of Columbus, at which time he was taken into membership in that order. He departed on Wednesday morning for Washington, D. C., where he is spending the winter.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Presbyterian Church will hold their Annual Xmas Sale Thursday, Dec. 4, in the Woman's Exchange Building, on High Street, beginning at 10 o'clock, A. M. All kinds of fancy articles, also baked goods, will be on hand. This is a great opportunity to buy your Xmas presents.

The Bellefonte Academy students on Tuesday had a monster bonfire on the new Hughes athletic field, on East Bishop Street, in celebration of a most successful football season. The boys devoted the afternoon to gathering up a huge mass of boxes, barrels, etc., and when the match was applied later in the evening a blaze was produced quite in keeping with the measure of success scored by the team.

The people of Bellefonte have been hearing about the Children's Home Society of Penna. during the past week. Rev. Benj. Porter White is the Field Secretary. He spoke in a number of the Bellefonte churches last Sunday and preached in the Methodist Episcopal church Sunday night. Dr. Thomas S. Wilcox is the president of the society and Dr. W. Henry Thompson is the state superintendent.

Football today, Hughes field, 2.30 o'clock.

Mrs. J. A. Beaver returned last Saturday from Atlantic City.

The December D. A. R. meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Bogle.

E. J. Williams, of State College, was a business visitor in town last Saturday.

David J. Gingery, of Martha, transacted business in town on Friday of last week.

Mrs. Cox, of Harrisburg, has been the guest of Miss Elizabeth Walker for the past week.

Miss Carrie Anderson is visiting this week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Bicketts in Tyrone.

J. Harris Hoy, of Snow Shoe, came over to town on Tuesday, bringing with him a nice bunch of pheasants.

Mrs. Lewis Daggett was an arrival home on Tuesday from Philadelphia and Wyncote.

George Brew and daughter, Janet, of Reonverte, West Virginia, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Fenlon.

William Mars, of Philadelphia, for many years connected with the Clans Spreckles Co., is at the Bush House.

Miss Ethel Gettig departed yesterday for East Liberty, where she will visit with friends over Thanksgiving Day.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Milesburg Presbyterian Church will hold a Fair in the Manse Dec 5th & 6th, 1913.

Misses Bessie and Mary Somerville, of Winburn, and well known in Bellefonte, are spending the winter in Italy.

George T. Bush was one of the officials chosen for the Bucknell-Muhlenberg football game at Lewisburg. Bucknell won, 16-6.

Edward C. Cook, of Baltimore, arrived in town on Tuesday to dispose of a few business matters that demanded his attention.

Calvin Smith, a student at Bucknell University, arrived home yesterday to enjoy his Thanksgiving vacation with his father, Register J. Frank Smith.

Moses Hurwitz, proprietor of The Enterprise Clothing Store, at State College, transacted business and greeted friends in town between trains on Monday.

George R. Clark, of near Waddle, was a pleasant caller at "The Republican" office on Monday morning. He was in town to transact a little business between trains.

Miss Katherine Curtin is visiting in Pittsburgh with Mr. and Mrs. J. Mac Curtin, and will remain over today for the Penn State-University of Pittsburgh football game.

Mrs. Harold Kirk, nee Miss Minnie Cole, arrived in Bellefonte from Niagara Falls last Thursday and will remain with Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Heckman until after the Christmas holidays.

George E. Rider, of Gatesburg, was a business visitor in Bellefonte on Monday and did his part toward a Thanksgiving turkey which the editor of "The Republican" is due to enjoy today.

Class No. 10 of the United Brethren Sunday school will hold a sale of bread, rolls, pies, cakes and candies and also ice cream on Saturday afternoon and evening, next, in the room adjoining the church.

Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Miller leave on Saturday night for Texas, where they will spend the winter. They will make the trip by boat from New York. During their absence their home will be occupied by their son, Wilfred, and family.

Thomas Smith, a former Bellefonte young man who is meeting with deserved success in the tinning business at Centre Hall, visited in town over Sunday and before returning to Centre Hall was a welcome caller at "The Republican" office.

The formal opening of the new gymnasium extension last Friday night attracted a large and well pleased crowd. One of the big cards of the evening was the appearance of the Pennsylvania Railroad band from Tyrone. Another feature was a basketball game between Tyrone and a Bellefonte team, the former winning out 29-7. The local boys were handicapped by a lack of practice. They expect to turn the tables when a return match is played.

The Bellefonte Academy football eleven won from the hitherto-undefeated Wyoming Seminary team last Saturday, 13-7, the contest being by far one of the best witnessed on the local grounds. The Academy managed to score in the first few minutes. Wyoming, on its first attempt with the ball, produced a shift play which was so bewildering that the runner made a beautiful gain before he was 'downed'. Many persons in the crowd along the side lines immediately sized up Wyoming as a probable victor by two or three touchdowns, but in this they were mistaken. The Academy became stronger as the game developed and soon managed to land a second touchdown, this time crossing the line by means of a clever forward pass. Wyoming managed to score but once. The game was somewhat rough at times and there were several threatened scraps, but cooler heads prevailed and the game was fought out to a finish. Today the Academy boys are playing at Binghamton, New York, and the outcome is being awaited with considerable interest, few persons in this locality having anything like a line on the strength of the Binghamton team.

Mrs. James Clark is visiting her mother at Salona.

Miss Lulu Harper visited last week with Bellefonte friends.

Mrs. Louisa Bush and Mrs. Calloway leave today for Atlantic City.

Mrs. W. L. Daggett leaves tomorrow to visit several days in Elmira, N. Y.

Mrs. Charles Brachbill and son, "Billy," departed on Monday for Lewis-town.

Harris Olewine will spend a few days in Jeannette, the guest of Mr. Shoemaker.

Charles Rowland and Harry Barnes, of Phillipsburg, spent Sunday at the Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Webner, of State College, were shopping visitors in town yesterday.

Mr. Jeffrys, of Scranton, is a Thanksgiving visitor at the Olewine home, on Spring Street.

John Norris was an arrival here this week to spend Thanksgiving Day with his sister, Mrs. Bogle.

Mrs. Garber will hold a Thanksgiving dance tonight. The regular dance will be held as usual tomorrow night.

Mrs. Stewart and daughter, Mrs. Heiskell, of State College, are Thanksgiving guests of Mrs. James Harris.

Mrs. Robert T. Garman and daughter, Virginia, of Tyrone, visited several days here last week with Mrs. Edward Garman.

Miss Catherine Cooney, who is a nurse-in-training at the Hazleton hospital, underwent a successful operation for appendicitis last Friday.

Miss Jouan entertained with a seven o'clock dinner of fourteen covers at the Garman House on Monday evening, followed by cards and music.

"The Republican" extends acknowledgment of substantial Thanksgiving Day greetings from G. G. Ammerman, one of our valued readers at Port Matilda.

Mrs. John Olewine is giving a Thanksgiving family dinner today, her guests including her mother, Mrs. Jacob Bottorf, and sister, Miss Ella Bottorf, of Lemont, also her sister, Mrs. Robert Reed, of State College.

For a period of probably five minutes last Saturday evening, Bellefonte, or the greater part of the town, was enshrouded in darkness. Business places and homes were plunged into inky darkness without a second's warning, and all kinds of confusion and bewilderment prevailed. Some men were preparing to shave and had their faces coated with lather when the lights suddenly went out. In other instances persons were enjoying an evening bath when the electric globes stopped business. Stores that were crowded with patrons found themselves in darkness and all kinds of amusing things happened until candles could be procured. Meanwhile, Manager Hugh Taylor, of the Bellefonte Gas Company, was smiling broadly, for his gas jets were doing a land-office business. The electric lights were out of commission just about five minutes, but to those in darkness it seemed much longer. It happened that a fuse burned out at the plant of the Bellefonte Electric Co., and that when another dynamo was being hurried into commission the large belt jumped off. It was one of those emergency accidents likely to happen in any lighting plant and repairs were made as quickly as possible. However, brief as was the period without light, Bellefonte had ample opportunity to reflect on how unhandy things would be should fire or some other catastrophe wipe out our lighting plant.

Great Game Today.

The last football game of the season is scheduled for today at the Hughes field, at 2.30 o'clock, the opposing teams being the Bellefonte High School and the Bucknell freshmen. Anybody in Bellefonte who has not seen the High School team in action this year has missed something worth while. It is the best team put out by the High School in years and today's contest promises to be a hard, fast one from start to finish. The admission is 25c. The gate receipts at best will not begin to reimburse the High School boys in meeting the expense of the visiting team, so don't shilly-shally out of paying your quarter. The boys will give you a rattling good game. See that you are present and also that you pay the 25c admission.

Motor Cycles for 1914.

We call your special attention to the advertisement inserted in this week's paper of Henry T. Noll, of Pleasant Gap, who handles this popular line of motor cycles. He is also fully equipped to take care of all repair business. He respectfully solicits repair work in this line. Call and get a free demonstration of the 1914 models, or write Mr. Noll for catalogue, advising him when it will be convenient for him to call and demonstrate.

Maude Norwood Coming.

Maude Norwood & Co. have been billed for a three days engagement at Garman's Opera House, December 4, 5 & 6, with a Saturday matinee. Prices 10, 20 & 30c. The repertoire includes "Dora Thorne", "At the Cavalry Post", "The Power of Conscience", etc. All are strong, stirring dramas or comedies. The company includes such players as Miss Norwood, Jack Gould, Frank Colton, William F. Nelson and Miss Edna May.

For people who pride themselves in the appearance of their clothes and are seeking stylish—serviceable clothes—

THE SIM-HAND-BUILT

Suits and Overcoats

ARE THE MOST SATISFYING.

Anywhere you go, among well dressed folks, you'll see no better looking clothes--The prices in these Hand-Built clothes start at \$15 and run \$18, \$20, \$25.

At these prices we can and do put the finest sort of materials and trimmings into them and they are truly Hand-built in all parts where hand work is advantageous in looks and wear over machine work.

In a variety of models, lots of new different things, and all good--that describes them. For the older and more conservative dresser, we have the quieter types, dignified and dressy. For the young men whose seek the snappy, ultra model, extreme styles, we have plenty of the latest things.

You'll find the utmost value crowded into these suits and overcoats at the prices--\$15, \$18, \$20 and \$25--with it, every cent real economy in these clothes. Plenty of other good suits and overcoats too as low as \$10, and \$12.50, each one the best that can be sold at their respective prices.

No need to advertise cut rates to attract trade when such satisfying dependable clothes are honestly being sold at prices that are right.

SIM THE CLOTHIER

Bellefonte

State College.



Hickey-Freeman-Quality

THANKSGIVING DAY

November 27th.

Your Thanksgiving Dinner will be well-dressed but how about the diner--meaning you?

If you feel thankful on November 27th, why not look it? You'll be the picture of appreciation in one of our hand-tailored, ready-to-wear suits.

LET US SERVE YOU-

Montgomery & Co.